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A M U S E M E N T S

O N T H E

R O A D O F L I F E.

BY THE AUTHOR OF
THE SPIRITUAL QUIXOTE.

IN TWO VOLUMES.—VOL. I.

—Requiesque mihi, non fama petita est;
Mens intenta suis nè foret usque malis. Ov. TRIST.

THE SECOND EDITION.

L O N D O N:

Printed for J. DODSLEY, in Pall-mall.

M.DCC.LXXX.



DEDICATION.

To Lady H E A D*,

MADAM,

AS I have your Ladyship's permission to prefix your name to this trifling Collection of Poems; I will not abuse the confidence reposed in me, nor violate your delicacy by saying the many things, which with so much justice I might say, in your Ladyship's favour. I shall only beg leave to assure you, that I have desired to inscribe it to your Ladyship, not

* Of Langley, Berks.

A 2

merely

D E D I C A T I O N.

merely as a tribute of gratitude for many acts of friendship performed to the Author by you and Sir Thomas Head; but as a mark of that particular regard with which

I am,

Madam,

Your most obedient,

humble Servant,

The EDITOR.

THE
A P O L O G Y.

AND some apology is undoubtedly requisite for publishing at this time of day Madrigals in form; which can pretend to no more than a mediocrity of merit. Neither indeed can I approve of the supercilious conduct of some late authors; who, without the least scrap of *prefatory* intelligence, strike up their notes, with as little ceremony as a Ballad-singer at your door; that startles you with her vociferous harmony without giving you any notice of her intention: Or, as was practised by the ancient Minstrels, without wishing the noble family a merry Christmas, or an happy New Year.

Now amongst the many excuses which I have met with on these occasions: where any one has been silly enough to write verses, which any one has been silly enough to print without his *entire* approbation: the best and most obvious excuse, I say, for printing them again, is, the natural regret which every one must feel, to see his offspring appear in public not decently equipped.

If the partiality of some friend prejudiced in his favour; or the curiosity of a stranger smitten with his rosy appearance; or perhaps the inconsiderate vanity of the *father* himself has exhibited a smiling lad before

company with unkempt hair or unwashed hands ; the more discreet mother endeavours immediately to repair the disgrace ; calls back her darling ; rubs up his forehead ; and smooths his locks ; with a thousand apologies for the indiscretion of her friends, or the folly of her spouse, in suffering the poor child to appear before strangers in so unusual a dishabille.

But perhaps it may be said, That people of a certain character have less need of an apology for getting rid of their performances of this kind on the most decent terms, than for their having at all employed themselves in so trifling a manner.

Now, though the Author might perhaps, like a mushroom under a venerable oak, shelter himself under the authority of the renowned Voltaire ; who writes Epigrams and Romances at fourscore : or even under the example of the late Marquis de la Fare * ; who commenced Poet in his grand Climacteric : yet all that he will say on this head at present is, that he never in his life sat down in form to write Verses. But every thing of this kind has been produced ; if not “in † a ramble round
“Wimbledon-hill,” or “in a rumbling chariot like
“Blackmore’s Job ;” yet many of them have been composed on a jumbling horse ; to relieve the tediousness of some real journey : or, as is emblematically hinted by the Bell-horse in the Frontispiece, to alleviate and amuse the tedious journey of life. And the Author has been so far from neglecting any *serious duty* on this account, as will

* Voltaire, Siècle de Louis XIV.

† Pope’s Letters.

probably

THE APOLOGY.

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probably be objected; that he is convinced it has enabled him to support the fatigue of a laborious profession, by diverting his thoughts, when unfitted by chagrin for more deep reflection.

Having been early in life intimately connected with Mr. Sh-nstone, and a few more constant tipplers at the Castalian Fount; he contracted a violent propensity to rhyming: which (as Pope says) it is hard for the person himself to distinguish from a real genius. This by long habit became a kind of chronical disease. So that he could neither be much pleased or much displeased, without expressing his raptures in panegyrical, or his resentment in satyrical strains: and he has even suffered acute pain on those occasions 'till he had executed his purpose.

He could never behold a fine prospect or a fine place, much less a fine woman, or an animated countenance, without a sensible emotion; the most natural expression of which (to him at least) was in this way: which gratifying the imagination with a sort of temporary possession, has suppressed any illicit desires of invading his neighbour's property.

The like moral effect it has had upon his temper, when provoked by ill-usage: On venting his spleen in a ludicrous stanza, or an harmless epigram, he has immediately found his wrath subside, a flow of benevolence succeed; and he has been entirely reconciled to the object of his resentment.

But though a man may *write* Verses to please himself (you will say) he should *publish* them either to please or to profit his Reader: and, I am sensible, no one can take

company with unkempt hair or unwashed hands; the more discreet mother endeavours immediately to repair the disgrace; calls back her darling; rubs up his forehead; and smooths his locks; with a thousand apologies for the indiscretion of her friends, or the folly of her spouse, in suffering the poor child to appear before strangers in so unusual a dishabille.

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that *pleasure* in the *perusal* of middling poetry, which the Author does in writing it. Yet, according to the *Tatler's* observation, "as persons in love, who are not capable of writing Verses themselves, are fond of repeating those of other people?" so the like observation, I believe, may be extended to most occasions of life; where the passions are much interested: and a distich or even an hemistich aptly applied, has often afforded as much consolation as a glass of cherry-brandy; or a Sermon on affliction of an hour long.

I remember a man of taste, who used to be much distressed on the approach of Autumn, at seeing his walks every morning covered with leaves: which found full employment for his gardener a great part of the season, 'till, happily for them both, that beautiful allusion of Milton's came into the Master's head;

"Thick as Autumnal leaves that strew the brooks

"In Vallombrosa; where the Etrurian shades

"High-over-arch'd embower."—B. I. l. 302.

and as things which are disagreeable in themselves, often please in description, he began to discover some beauty in a lawn enamelled with the falling leaves, and so permitted them to lie and rot; or, at least, one general sweeping, when they had all fallen, was now deemed sufficient.

I here then present the Reader with a great variety of Rhymes, such as they are; Distichs, Tetrastichs, and Hexastichs; ready cut and dried; on almost every occasion of human life: Panegyrical and Satyrical; Humorous
and

and Amorous ; Moral and Monumental ! in short, Comical and Coxcomical ; Culinary and Economical ; Feneſtral, Parietal, and what not ?

I have often conſidered the Epigrammatist or Poetaster under the idea of a broken looking-glass : who, instead of representing things (like the Epic or Dramatic Poets) in their full proportion and complete beauty ; these diminutive Authors, like the glittering fragments of the mirror, reflect only a few scattered sparks or separate rays of light : yet though they may not answer the purposes of the toilette or of the dressing-room, these fragments may serve innocently enough to entertain children ; and even enable the Beau, before he goes into an Assembly, to adjust his solitaire, or rectify any little disorder which may have arisen in the system of his curls, since they came from under the hands of the Friseur.

But the Poets, in my opinion, seem to rest their cause upon a wrong plea ; when they attempt to prove themselves of any great use to the world. For why, indeed, must every thing be proved useful ? when it is certainly sufficient if some things contribute only to the innocent recreation of life. Of what use is that variety of wild flowers with which Nature has enamelled our fields ? or even the roses and carnations with which we adorn our shrubberies and parterres ? To make nosegays, you will say, for our Nymphs and Macaronies, or rose-water and syrup of cloves for our good housewives. But mankind might subsist without nosegays and rose-water. And though Homer, Solon, and Tyrtaeus did great service to their Country by their rhapsodies ; and in modern times (as Bishop Burnet assures us) “ Lullabulero

"was sung with great effect at the Revolution:" yet, in my opinion, the wheels of government might go on tolerably well, without the assistance of Poets or Ballad-singers.

Let the poetical tribe therefore be content to rank themselves amongst the ornamental part of society: nor contend, in point of mere utility, with the husbandman or the mechanic; whom he probably treats with a sovereign contempt. But then let the said mechanic, in return, treat the Bard that entertains him, with due reverence: nor interrupt his sublime contemplations, with his impertinent demands, for repairing his shoes or new-lining his surtout.

If any one that is acquainted with the usual gravity of the Author should be surpris'd or offended at so much levity as appears in some part of this Collection; I would have him candidly reflect on the Logical description of man in general: That as to distinguish him from an ass, he is a two-legged, and to distinguish him from an owl, an unfeathered animal: so, essentially to distinguish him from all others, he is a rational, and, in consequence of that, a *Risible* Animal. So that Risibility is as natural to man in general as Reason itself.

We see indeed many individuals of the species; who in their general, or at least in their public character, discover but slender symptoms of this sprightly and agreeable quality. Yet when we behold the countenance of a Judge or a Physician peeping through the nimbus of a full-bottomed perriwig; we must not imagine, that the decent solemnity of the one, or the tremendous grimace of the other, is never relaxed or humanized by the more

familiar air of mirth and jocularity, or that even the Divine, the characteristic of whose profession is Gravity, never laughs in his sleeve.

Thus I myself (as Montaigne says) whose countenance is expressive of the deepest anguish and compunction of soul: and for introducing which, as his principal figure, into his scenes of distress, my late friend Hogarth was censured of outrage and caricature: I myself, I say, who am no greater friend to the *cacinnus* or horse-laugh than a late noble Lord*; and who have hardly smiled in company these twenty years; yet I must confess with shame and confusion of face, that I have sometimes laughed to myself, even in the most bloody catastrophe of a modern tragedy; and have frequently been waked out of my sleep by the violent agitation of the diaphragm in a fit of laughter.

The case seems to be this; there is such an *idiosyncrasy* or peculiarity of constitution in the minds of men, that what will violently strike the fancy of one man, and even set the table on a roar, shall hardly extort the *subrisus* or forced smile from another.

Thus, for instance, if a modest man, on coming into a large company, should, in his confusion, sit beside his chair, or even run his head against a door; such an incident, instead of making *me* laugh, would only excite my compassion. But when an old Autumnal Beau (as I once saw) instead of his snuff-box, by mistake pulls out his spectacle-case, and pats it with an easy, disengaged air; or when Monsieur† (in wrath) strips off his coat and discovers a flannel supplement to his embroidered

* Lord Chesterfield. See Letters to his Son.

† On the stage.

waistcoat : such instances of mortified vanity seem to be the lawful prey of ridicule.

In short, though I am inclined in general (like Heraclitus) to weep at the miseries ; yet I cannot sometimes but laugh, with Democritus, at the follies and absurdities of mankind. However, if (as some Divines have held) laughter be a symptom of reprobation ; I will endeavour for the future to subdue this ungodly propensity, and hope to enjoy the benefit of Horace's compromise :

Non luisse pudet—sed non incidere ludum.

As to the following Collection of Rhymes, some of them have already appeared at the tribunal of the Public—and if any of them, how dull soever they may be, had the least tendency to any thing immoral ; or if they had not (in the Author's opinion) a contrary tendency ; instead of printing them to be exposed on stalls (which may probably be their fate) or to encrease the trash of circulating libraries, he would at once have consigned them to eternal oblivion.

Si quid ibi sit alienum a virtute, id pro non scripto habeatur.

THE APOLLO

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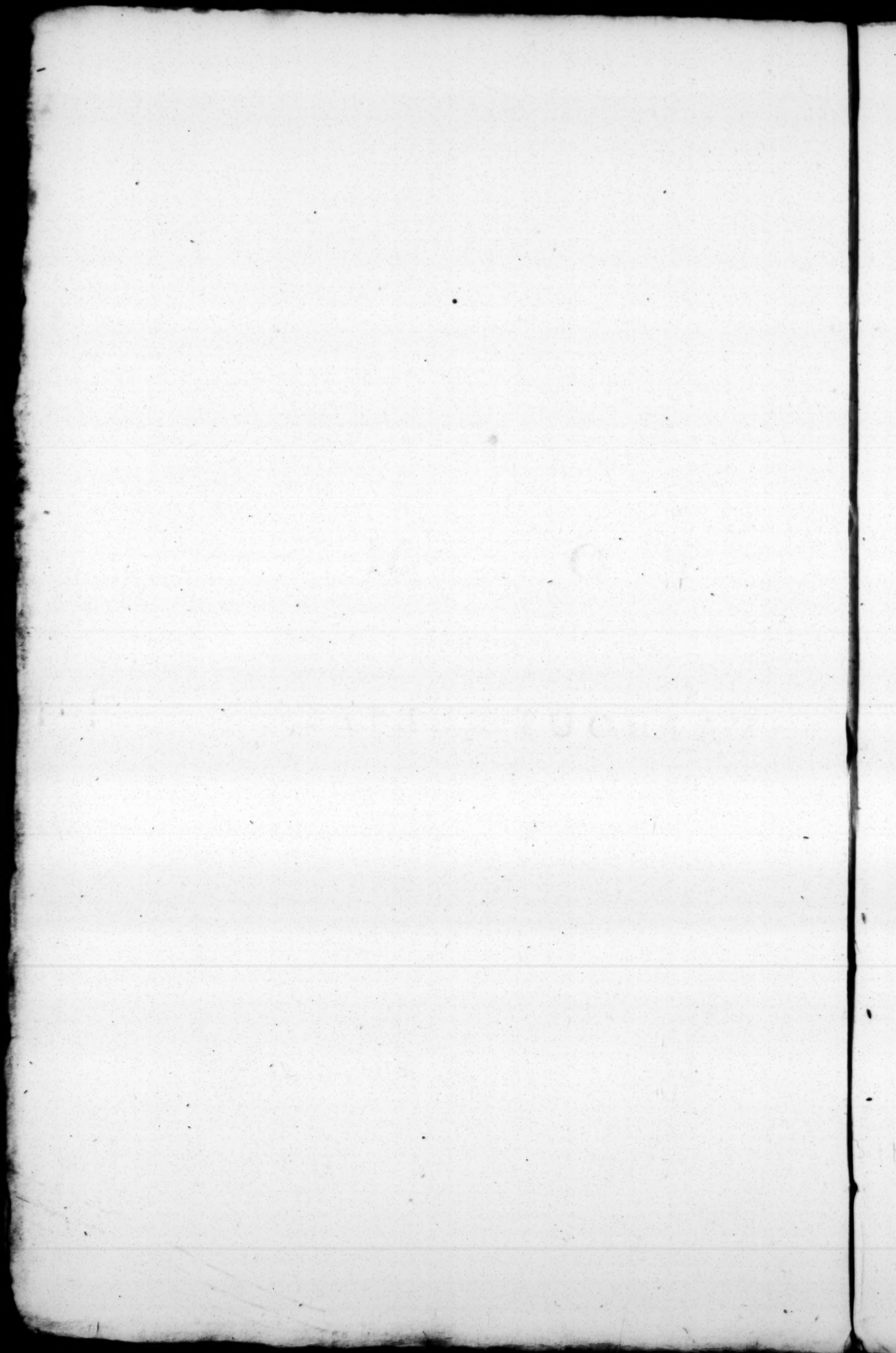
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PART I.
POEMS
ON
VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

Vol. I.

B



P A R T I.
P O E M S
O N
V A R I O U S S U B J E C T S.

An Apology for unseasonable Rhymes.

To the Honourable Sir W. B

*Quòd nisi Te nomen tantum ad majora tulisset,
Gloria Pieridum summa futurus eras.* OVID.

V E R S ' D in the scientific page,
The wisdom, laws of every age!
O! thou, on whose instructive tongue
Senates have oft' attentive hung;
Whose breast once felt the sacred fire
That Verse's magic sounds inspire;

B 2

When

When "blithsome you were wont to rove
 "A blest enthusiast thro' the grove"*!
 Till led by more exalted views
 Early to quit the sportive Muse,
 Indulgent to the toils of Youth,
 You strew'd with flow'rs the paths of Truth;
 And, zealous in your Country's cause,
 First harmoniz'd her rugged laws †:
 Honour'd by Queens ‡, yet condescend
 To patronize an humble friend;
 Who haply wastes the vacant hour,
 Studious to cull each fragrant flow'r
 Which blooms beside the sacred rill
 That issues from the Muse's hill,
 Where you, would nobler cares permit,
 Enthron'd with Phœbus' self might sit:
 These rhymes with kind attention read,
 And hear the Muse submissive plead.

"A merchant-ship, in ancient times,
 Had once on board a || Man of rhymes;
 When, by a furious tempest tost,
 The Captain swore that all was lost.

* Dodg. Misc. Vol. IV. p. 224.

‡ Then Solicitor to the Queen,

† Commentary on the Laws.

|| Eumolpus, in Petron. Arb.

His friends call'd up, he lets them know it :
All pump by turns—all but the Poet—
What others dreaded, he enjoy'd ;
And, calmly at his trade employ'd,
Beneath the deck, in rumbling verses,
The horrors of the storm rehearſes."

If thus amid my buſieſt times
I idly ſport in harmleſs rhymes ;
When thwarting cares perplex my ſoul ;
The ſtormy paſſions to controul
If gentle Verſe her ſuccours lend,
Deſpiſe me not, my honour'd friend,
Nor think me proud of theſe dull lays ;
Who ſue for pardon, not for praiſe.

Deem not, alas ! yon pack-horſe vain,
So gayly ambling o'er the plain :
When thus his taſſel'd bells he ſhakes,
The wretch his ſtages lighter makes ;
Pleas'd with the ſound, goes jingling on,
Nor feels the tedious miles he 'as gone.

Condemn'd to travel life's worſt road,
And drudge beneath a galling load ;
With toils fatigu'd, with cares infeſted,
Yet more by Scandal's darts moleſted ;

When no relief from books is found,
 No friend is near to heal the wound ;
 Forgive me, as I jog along,
 If calmly thus I hum a song.
 Impatient of more deep reflection,
 From gloomy thoughts I seek protection.
 The mind diverted finds relief ;
 And, by expressing, soothes her grief.
 O'er * Care the Muse's voice prevails,
 And Rhyme succeeds where Reason fails.

1767.

• —minuuntur Carmine Curae. OVID.

The

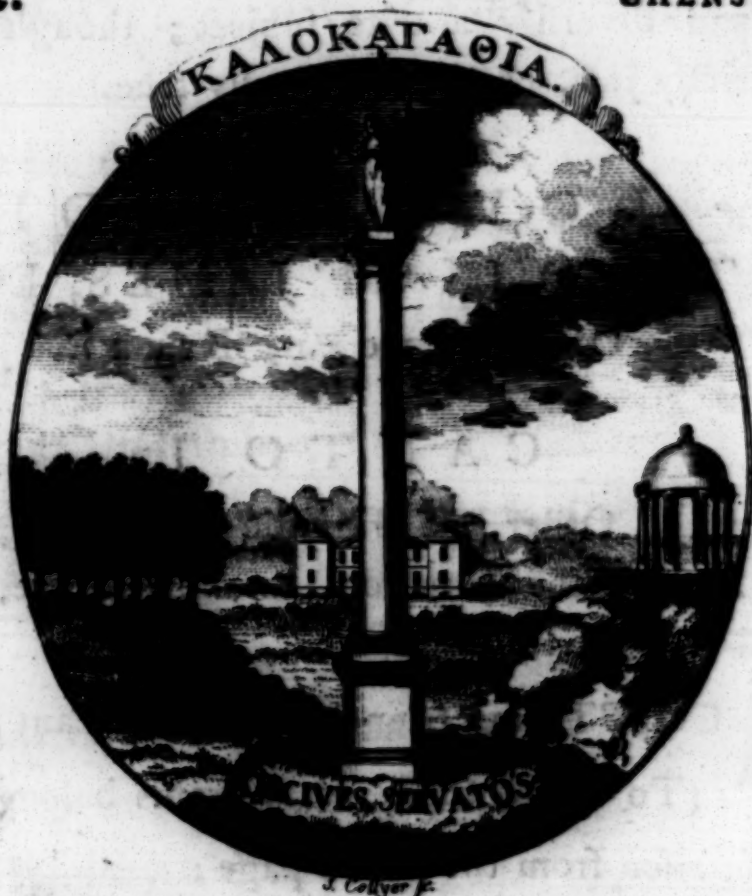
VARIOUS SUBJECTS. 7

The LOVE of ORDER:

IN THREE CANTOS.

An obvious connexion may be traced between Moral and
Phyſical Beauty; the Love of Symmetry, and the Love
of Virtue.

SHENSTONE.



ADVERTISEMENT.

THAT the Reader of Taste may not be prepossessed
against an attempt, in this age, to recommend
Regularity and Uniformity; it may be proper to observe,
that the following Essay (which was sketched out many
years since) considers the *Love of Order* chiefly as a *Prin-
ciple of Virtue*, and only occasionally as a Principle of
Taste;

Taste; though the Author cannot but think (in regard to the instance alluded to in the Second Canto) that an affectation of Irregularity, in laying out small plots of ground, has of late been carried to a ridiculous extreme.

The indulgence of the critical Reader is likewise requested, for a few declamatory flourishes, thrown in to enliven and diversify a trite subject; though they may not be strictly just, or philosophically true.

The L O V E of O R D E R :
To WILLIAM JAMES, Esq;
Of DENFORD, BERKS.

C A N T O I.

The Love of Order, a Principle of Virtue; visible in every Part of the Creation, in every Stage, and every Station of Life.

A CCEPT, my friend, the well-meant song;
(To Youth these moral strains belong.)

Fresh-risen from the classic page;

Charm'd with each Greek and Roman sage,

Gigantic bards! of antient times;

Disdain not these my pigmy rhimes,

(Irregular though they may be)

In praise of Regularity.

Through all Creation's boundless space

This universal system trace;

Through

Through all their tribes survey mankind ;
In ev'ry age and clime you'll find
(Till Virtue's self begins to fail)
The " Love of Order " still prevail.

Though tempests, earthquakes, discord, strife,
The Nat'ral World, or Moral Life,
May oft' disturb : yet, could our sense
Pervade the schemes of Providence ;
Could human reason trace the laws,
By which the First Eternal Cause
Still acts ; in all we, pleas'd, must see
A constant Uniformity ;
How Wisdom does each part controul,
And Order regulate the Whole.

Amongst the various orbs that move,
Incessant, through the realms above,
And glitter in th' ætherial plain ;
What Harmony and Order reign !
Amidst the bright autumnal sky
Though stars in rich profusion lie ;
Each orb, that seems at random hurl'd,
Moves centric to some distant world.

The various Moon, the radiant Sun,
Their stated course unwearied run ;

In measur'd pace the Hours advance ;
And in the train the Seasons dance.
The Spring, in flow'ry chaplets drest ;
The Summer, in her filken vest ;
The Autumn, deck'd with purple fruit ;
And Winter, in his sable fuit ;
Successive run their fix'd career,
" In Order," circling round the Year.

The vegetable Tribes, so gay,
And world of Animals, survey ;
Each class, subordinate in place,
Form'd useful to some nobler race.
The Insects in the air that float,
Or swarm amidst the stagnant moat,
With food are destin'd to supply
The feather'd Race, or scaly Fry ;
Themselves, to aid the gen'ral plan,
The prey of more luxurious Man.
Each animal, that rots and dies,
New vegetable life supplies ;
And, springing forth in fruits or flow'rs,
Resigns its nutrimental pow'rs
To other tribes ; and, in rotation,
Fulfils " the Order" of Creation.

Cast

VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

II

Cast but your eyes th' horizon round ;
 Though clouds, or seas, the prospect bound :
 Or woods, and rocks, and mountains blue,
 And spires, may variegate the view ;
 Yet all harmoniously unite
 To form *one* object to the sight.

Nor amidst Nature's works alone
 Does Harmony erect her throne :
 To Order's universal fway
 The Arts an equal homage pay.
 Musicians, Painters, Architects,
 In all their works *her* law directs :
 Proportion charms in ev'ry line ;
 And men proclaim those arts divine.

The Savage rude, with feathers crown'd,
 With beads and baubles deck'd around ;
 Th' unletter'd Clown, or deep-read Sage ;
 From earliest Infancy to Age,
 Howe'er amus'd, howe'er employ'd ;
 Till by the force of vice destroy'd,
 Perceives this Instinct of the Soul
 Each action of his life controul.

When reason first begins to dawn,
 See the poor School-boy round the lawn,

In circles regularly true,
His wanton play-fellows pursue.
In number'd steps they leap, or run ;
And end the race where they begun.
Or view them placing on the ground
Their Nine-pins square, their Marbles round ;
In all their trifling sports you'll see
Order and Regularity.

In Youth, when virtuously inclin'd,
This Principle improv'd we find.
The fainter lines by Instinct trac'd
Now heighten'd to a Moral Taste,
From Virtue's paths he rarely swerves,
But all life's Decencies observes.
His manners, gestures, person, dress,
An Harmony of Soul exprefs.
Each thought chafis'd by sober sense,
By strict account each day's expence :
With care each social duty paid,
A constant plan of study laid,
And books arrang'd in Order fair,
The justness of his taste declare.

But those that swerve from Order's rule,
Prove truants too from Virtue's school.

Whilst

Whilst such their midnight vigils keep,
And revel, when they ought to sleep ;
Their looks, their dress from head to toe,
A dishabille of conduct show,
Thus, on a sea of Passions tost,
The ballast of the Soul is lost :
Then Vice and Anarchy abound ;
And Reason's voice in Tumult's drown'd.

In age, when life begins to wane,
This virtuous habit strength will gain ;
Each day, each hour, its duty knows ;
And Life mechanically flows.
He rises, reads, eats, walks, or rides ;
His clock each stated motion guides.
He counts his steps beneath his wall ;
Or takes twelve turns along the hall :
He dines at three, he sups at nine ;
He takes three pipes, three cups of wine ;
And, in strict rules supremely blest,
Goes early, *with the lamb*, to rest.

The fair Cosmelia, from a child,
In curious heaps her play-things pil'd :
From four years old to full fourteen,
Each doll and painted toy was seen

In

In *Order* in her closet set,
And form'd a perfect cabinet.

Lo ! now in lavender she wraps
Her aprons, handkerchiefs, and caps ;
And, neatness with her years increasing,
(The Love of Order never ceasing)
Her Regularity of Taste
Preserves Cosmelia prim and chaste ;
Disdaining to become a Wife,
She keeps immaculate thro' life
Her cloaths—and virgin purity ;
And dies a Maid at sixty-three.

So strong in Age this love we find,
That oft' the superficial mind
Mistakes it for that odious vice,
By all detested, avarice.

When on his sleeve in shining rows
His pins the careful Prisco shows ;
Or when, to feed his fowls one sees
Him save the parings of his cheese,
Collecting scatter'd crumbs of bread ;
Or, when he scolds his servant Ned,
For lavishing his horse's meat,
Or leaving scraps—he cannot eat ;

You

You think him sordid——no such matter;

I know the worthy Prisco better.

What, in the first place, joy affords,

When crumbs for chicken's meat he hoards,

(I judge from what I feel myself)

Is "Love of Order," not of self.

What in those trifles gives offence

Is *disproportionate* expence ;

Things not apply'd to proper uses :

Prisco, though gen'rous, not profuse is.

He chid his maid, the other day,

Who threw an half-burnt match away ;

Yet to collections at his door

Gave fifty pounds—to feed the Poor.

Of bodies politic the soul,

'Tis Harmony preserves the whole.

When Discord, Faction, fierce Debate,

Produce a Chaos in the State ;

And Order's slighted ;—what are Kings ?

Peace, Commerce, Justice, droop their Wings ;

And Laws themselves are useless things.

In ev'ry rank, in ev'ry station,

Each learn'd or unlearn'd occupation,

This

This Principle is still obey'd ;
For Method is the life of Trade.
From him that vends, beneath some wall,
Old books and ballads on his stall,
To those whose shops a solemn show
Display, in Pater-noster-row ;
Or wealthy merchants, on th' Exchange ;
Lo ! all their wares in Order range ;
Not merely to augment their gains ;
The " Love of Order " thus ordains.

With crimson tape, so trimly bound,
The parchments, pil'd his desk around,
To ornament his anti-room,
Where anxious clients rarely come,
Magnifico displays to view ;
For—he has nothing else to do.

Alike for discipline and show,
On the parade, a gallant row
Of Soldiers march, in rank and file ;
With martial symphony the while
The sprightly fife the hautboy joins,
And music regulates the lines.

Observe with what harmonic grace
Your Barber traverses your face ;

Whose

Whose razor, with true rhythmic art,
In nymble Dactyls * plays its part;
Nor check him in his bold career,
At peril of your nose or ear.

Or mark with what immense parade
Th' Apothecaries (dreadful trade † !)
Their gallipots in mystic rows,
And phials, big with fate ! dispose.

Nay, cast your eyes on Hounslow-heath ;
The *legal* Ministers of death,
Ambitious to make known their Taste,
And decorate the dreary waste, |
The pow'rful charms of Order show,
And place their gibbets in a row.

CANTO II.

Seeming Objections answered.

NOR think, my friend, if chance you spy
My books in strange disorder lie ;
My papers scatter'd wildly round,
On tables, shelves, or on the ground ;

* If. Vossius de vir. Rhythmi.

† Shakespeare.

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My wig suspended on a peg ;
My garter loose about my leg :
Think not I'm pleas'd with such confusion ;
This fight you owe to your intrusion.
My Study is, I must confess,
The sacred shrine of fluttishness.
Conscious that such things are not right,
I wish to keep them out of sight :
Irregularity, as such,
Like you I hate, and hate as much.
My Parlour view ; each table, chair,
You'll find adjusted to an hair ;
And pictures, hung in due array,
My Love of Order *there* display.

Nay, though my Study thus you find,
The emblem of a flutter'd mind ;
Yet think it not so mighty strange,
If, whilst I strive my thoughts to range
In Order meet ; or periods close,
To harmonize in Verse or Prose ;
If, from mere negligence, there springs
Confusion in less weighty things ;
The " Love of Order " still prevails
Within, though outwardly it fails.

Thus

Thus Saints sometimes *appear* to sin ;
Though Grace, no doubt, abounds within.

Behold my Garden ; there you'll see
My love of Uniformity.

In gay platoons my tulips blow ;
My currants planted in a row ;
And ev'ry goosb'rry-bush will prove,
How much this Symmetry I love.

'Tis true ; my neighbour at the Swan
Adopts of late a diff'rent plan ;
Impatient to display his taste,
Purloins a garden from the waste ;
The grandeur of his betters apes,
And groupes his shrubs in various shapes ;
Opposing circles to triangles,
He walks in walks with art entangles ;
Affects wild nature's careless ease,
His customers of taste to please.

But let me set my landlord right ;
Who, sure, mistakes the matter quite.
In miniature, magnificence
Must contradict e'en common-sense.
What boots it to perplex our thought
With fancy'd wildness in his draught ;

When, spite of art, one single view
 Must pierce the flimsy project through ?
 Not lions, pelicans, or cocks,
 Or crowns, or dragons, cut in box,
 So formal would appear to me,
 As such irregularity.

Though * P—tt, in his Arcadian Views,
 Fair Beauty's *waving* line pursues ;
 And, sketching with a Master's skill,
 Contrasts each grove and rising hill ;
 And, from variety of charms,
 With one grand *whole* our fancy warms ;
 Yet let not us inferior folks
 Expose ourselves to great men's jokes ;
 But *usefully* our ground dispose,
 And plant our cabbages in rows ;
 Nor dream our ell-wide lawn displays
 The grandeur or the charms of Hayes.

When Mason † seems, in ev'ry line,
 My principle to countermine ;
 And, planning more extensive glades,
 Promiscuous blends his sylvan shades ;

* E. of C—m.

† In his Poem on Gardening.

VARIOUS SUBJECTS. 21

Did we his system truly scan,
 He works but on a larger plan.
 Did we but rightly comprehend
 To what his various precepts tend ;
 We soon should trace a secret art,
 That regulates each diff'rent part ;
 That corresponding groups supply
 The want of uniformity ;
 See distant objects harmonize,
 And Order from disorder rise.

The Painter thus, to gain his end,
 His various tincts with art must blend ;
 Discordant objects taught to join,
 Now form, now break, the varying line ;
 From well-rang'd lights one mass compose,
 Till with full strength the landscape glows.

As thus, disdaining vulgar sight,
 This Order seems to shun the light ;
 In mystic numbers oft' conceal'd,
 (To Wisdom's eye alone reveal'd)
 It lurks ; and what nor you nor I
 Can see, our wiser nurse can spy.

The remedy that hopes success,
 Three mornings, neither more nor less,

Must be prescrib'd ; else who'll regard
Thy powders, * James, or pills of Ward ?

The gossip that expects to thrive
Still breaks her toast in *three* or *five* †.

In Charles's days the deep Divine
Delighted in divisions nine ;
But, in our age, has brought (thank Heaven !)
His numbers something under seven :
Nay, oft' those heads reduc'd to one ;
A Sermon is an Essay grown.

Yet you, my friend, forbear to chide,
My theme should I again divide ;
Less perfect numbers should disdain :
Nor of their brevity complain,
If thus I make my Cantos *three*,
From Love of ‡ mystic Harmony.

* Quack medicines at this time.

† Vulgar superstitions.

‡ Some mystery in the number *three*, according to many ancient Philosophers.

CANTO III.

Occasional Deviations accounted for, from the Prevalence of Fancy, Appetite, Passion. The Conclusion.

DEEM not my System, Sir, undone,
 If Fancy mount on Reason's throne ;
 If folks, not viciously inclin'd,
 By mists of Passion sometimes blind ;
 Or, led by Appetite astray,
 Fair Virtue's dictates disobey.
 Tho' things inverted may appear,
 And wild Caprice the vessel steer,
 The object only is mistaken ;
 And not the principle forsaken.

In his accounts, [1] I own, 'tis plain
 Disorder and Confusion reign ;
 Whilst poor Sir Charles, in all his views,
 Strict Uniformity pursues.

His Grandfather an house began
 On too magnificent a plan.
 The front complete, and but one wing ;
 Was really such an awkward thing—

[1] Fancy.

Sir Charles, with taste and great expence,
 (Tho' sure you'll say with little sense)
 The scheme to due perfection brings;
 And, lo! the Mansion spreads *two* wings.

Behold his furniture and plate,
 With Uniformity and State,
 Is purchas'd in the highest taste,
 And in exactest Order plac'd.
 He buys, a bargain, one Cartoon;
 Five more just furnish the Saloon;
 A bust of Nero chanc'd to get;
 Eleven more complete the set*.

His environs are next laid out,
 With equal Symmetry, no doubt.
 A dome is built in yonder grove;
 Contrast'd by a grand alcove;
 Pavilions, statues, urns, and grottos,
 All deck'd with smart or pithy mottos,
 And interspers'd in just array,
 The owner's wit and taste display.

Contiguous to his own estate
 A manour's bought; the price is great.
 What then? It makes the thing complete.

* Twelve Cæsars.

Money is got at five per cent ;
Just double to its annual rent ;
The interest loiters much behind :
But then his mortgagee is kind ;
Lets interest on interest roll,
Till—interest devours the whole.

His house and gardens thus complete,
And all things round him vassly neat ;
Finding his fortune almost spent ;
See ! poor Sir Charles, tho' late repent ;
But, having neither child nor wife,
Gets an annuity for life ;
And wisely sells both house and land,
To rent a lodging in the Strand.
And now, to narrower bounds confin'd,
Things run more suited to his mind ;
His taste to his estate restraining ;
(The Love of Order still remaining ;)
A single tent-bed, deck'd with Chintz,
A dining-room, adorn'd with prints
And sconces, uniformly plac'd,
With mimic grandeur sooth his *Taste*.
His barber, laundress, duly paid,
A trifling sum in store is laid.

'Twixt

'Twixt walking, coffee-house, and play,
 He orderly divides the day ;
 Buys that content at small expence,
 He found not in magnificence.

Voracio [2] proves our maxim's force ;
 Who, having din'd on the first course,
 Yet, too importunately prest,
 Just picks a Turkey's wing and breast,
 And, after bumpers six or seven,
 Devours the leg, to *make things even*.
 The Classic Genius reels to bed,
 Somewhat disorder'd in his head ;
 Whilst, with the Love of Order smit,
 His friend prevails on him to fit,
 And make libations of pure wine
 To th' Graces three or Muses nine ;
 And *regularly* drink about
 Merely to see the bottle out.

Confusion [3] in each face behold ;
 And hear poor Flavia fret and scold.
 Rage in her flashing eyes appears ;
 And Discord harsh offends our ears.

[2] Appetite.

[3] Passion.

Strangers

Strangers might think, from looks so wild,
She'd lost her husband, or her child.

Ah! no; some careless slut, alas!

Has broke a faucer, or a glafs;

Which would not vex her, could she get

Another to *complete the set*.

Tho' thus, then, Flavia storms and rails;

The Love of Order still prevails;

So much on *outward* things employ'd,

All Harmony within's destroy'd.

Our system good ev'n here will hold;

But, when by Reason uncontroul'd,

The Love of Order may, we see,

Produce irregularity.

O! then, with care, my worthy friend,

This ruling principle attend.

Whilst yet within your youthful breast

Peace, Harmony, and Order rest;

Your soul no vicious impulse knows;

No passion ruffles your repose.

'Midst Dissipation's baneful force,

(Of Vice and Infamy the source)

The pledge of Virtue's empire, strive

To keep this vestal Flame * alive;

* The vestal Fire, a pledge of the duration of the Roman Empire. Liv.

Which busy, bustling scenes no less
May quench, than * shapeless idleness,

Let Reason at the helm preside,
And every thought and action guide :
Let her maintain her sov'reign sway ;
Passion and Appetite obey :
Let Fancy gild your leisure-hours ;
Adorn, not rule, the mental Pow'rs.

Nor let me damp that gen'rous fire,
Which Beauty's various charms inspire ;
Which Truth and Symmetry impart
In *outward* forms to win the heart :
In Beauty's scale each object scan,
From lifeless matter up to Man :
With statues, columns, feast your eyes ;
But let your Taste superior rise,
With nobler raptures taught to trace
The fairer moral charms, that grace
A soul from lawless passion free,
A life of Regularity.
Such be your life ; nor think I preach ;
These maxims ancient Sages teach.

* Shakespeare.

No frowns severe their pupils fright ;
But Virtue, drawn in fairest light,
To Truth and Harmony ally'd,
With smiling Beauty by her side ;
True Pleasure sets before our eyes,
And to be happy makes us wise.

These obvious truths then keep in view ;
Thro' life these maxims sage pursue.
Each morn plan out the future day ;
Each night your actions past survey ;
And *regularly* " with the Sun,
" Your constant stage of duty run."

Thus, by the Love of Order led,
Life's thorny path you'll safely tread ;
Tranquillity your hour shall bless ;
And Virtue lead to happiness.

Id. Mart. 1773.

On the Criterion of Taste and Elegance *.

Quod nequeo monstrare & sentio tantum. Juv.

To Mrs. B * *.

WITH wit, with sense, with beauty grac'd,
O ! tell me, Laura, what is Taste ?

For sure your genius, manners, dress

And whole œconomy express,

“ A Taste and Elegance” of Soul,

That regulates and crowns the whole.

True Taste, tho' claim'd by all mankind,

Can ne'er perhaps be well defin'd :

Nor Bards nor Sages yet agree

(Why then impose the task on me ?)

What latent power those charms imparts

That instantaneous win our hearts :

Not only paints its objects true,

But gives to each a lustre too.

True Taste is not Good Sense alone—

Nor yet by lawless Fancy shewn.

* Proposed as a Subject by a Poetical Society near Bath.

'Tis not to follow with blind rage
The fopperies of a senseless age ;
With fond idolatry to dote
On a strange hat—or stranger coat ;
In your old mansion to display
Each upstart fashion of a day,
To cut down venerable trees
And plant fantastic shrubberies.
What you the height of Taste esteem
Your heir destructive waste may deem.

Perhaps you think the Man of Taste
Sits piddling at a City Feast ;
A jelly sips, or picks a tart ;
Culls from each dish the nicest part ;
With critic skill harangues on Turtle ;
As if ambitious of the * Myrtle.

No ; Taste in eating may be shewn,
But not by squeamish fops alone ;
Much less by those voracious wights,
Whose wanton, costly appetites,
Or vanity and foolish pride
Must be from distant climes supply'd.

* The Prize distributed at the Poetical Society.

If e'er with Pollio you have din'd,
 You there beheld a Taste refin'd :
 Each dish the choicest in its kind ;
 His wines, deffert, and fide-board gay
 A Taste and Elegance display :
 But more his wit : you there enjoy
 A claffic feast which ne'er can cloy.

Is then the Cit a man of Taste ?
 Who builds a Mansion on the waffe ;
 His Seat, at Hammerfmith or Turnham
 Deck'd out with Lilack and Laburnum ?—
 No ; Gothic windows, rails Chinefe,
 Nor pond, well flock'd with Spanifh geefe ;
 Nor cynic * tub (that proof fo ample
 In Holdernefs who fet th' example)
 Can prove the Taste for which he labours :
 He only imitates his neighbours ;
 And might as well have shewn his fancy
 In building Cards with little Nancy.

Can Equipage a Taste difclofe ?
 Ask Atticus who furely knows.

* Formed into Garden-Chairs.—The first Invention afcribed to Lord Holdernefs.

Not by a num'rous train of slaves;
 Those faucy, idle, uselefs knaves,
 In tawdry liv'ries and laces,
 Who load the chariots of their Graces.
 Such pomp may make the rabble stare,
 Which real grandeur well can spare,
 And Taste disdains; which, ne'er profuse,
 By their propriety and use
 Still estimates ev'n trifling things;
 And all to Reason's standard brings.

Well then, some principle advance;
 Some test of "Taste and Elegance,"
 That nameless something undefin'd,
 Which charms—yet puzzles all mankind.

True Taste is sure the gift of Heav'n;
 (The seeds at least by Nature giv'n :)
 A Relish for the nobler Arts;
 Ally'd to genius and great parts.
 A Feeling exquisitely fine;
 Superior—not to yours, but mine:
 Or call it strong Imagination,
 Matur'd by Reason's cultivation.
 A pow'rful Instinct in the Soul
 Which discipline must well controul,

Till in full lustre it appear—
 'Tis then in music call'd an Ear;
 In visual beauties 'tis an Eye;
 That in each object charms can spy,
 To which the less enlighten'd mind
 Is void of sense; is deaf or blind.

But tho' to various arts apply'd,
 Its nature various names may hide;
 Tho' in its cause it seems unknown,
 Taste may in its effects be shown.

Read the Spectators with attention;
 The whole have judgment, wit, invention;
 Yet sure the force of Taste we feel
 In Addison—but not in Steel.

Even books of Law a Taste may shew.
 Strange paradox! But would you know
 Where you this secret may discover—
 Read Montesquieu * or Blackstone † over.

But let those Bards her triumphs tell,
 Whose works in truest Taste excell:
 Such honour Pope and Parnell claim—
 For Moschus I'm forbid to name.

* Spirit of Laws.

† Commentaries.

Or rather let the Painter's art
The secret charms of Taste impart :
Where taught by Webb, well-pleas'd we trace
Those pow'rs of Harmony and Grace
Which in Corregio's pencil shine,
And make a mortal's works divine.

But see ! she sits enthron'd in state
Adorning many a British seat :
Fair Wilton, Fonthill—or Longleat ;
Or 'midst the circling woods presides,
That shade Stourhead's meand'ring tides.
Nor with inferior joy she roves
Thro' Hestercomb's sequester'd groves ;
Where Bampfylde's skill has realiz'd
Those scenes so long by artists priz'd ;
Of hill and grove and verdant lawn,
So sweetly by his pencil drawn.
Ev'n Chatsworth's celebrated shades
Might envy Hestercomb's cascades ;
Whose constant currents Nature feeds,
And all attempts of Art exceeds.

But would you all these beauties see
Assembled in epitome ;

Would you behold each sense delighted,
 " True Taste and Elegance" united :
 The sweets of Art and Nature feast on,
 Haste to the Villa near Bath-Easton.

2 Feb. 1775.

On a favourite Spring, at CL — N.

" O! fons Bandusiæ splendidior vitro!" HOR.

CASTALIAN Fount! whose lucid stream,
 As brightest crystal clear,
 Still murm'ring falls, be thou my theme,
 For Manlius deigns to hear.

Manlius! whose fancy still unlocks
 Fresh mines of richest ore ;
 Romantic as the circling rocks,
 That guard thy liquid store.

Each primrose pale, that slighted blows,
 Each mossy stone that lies
 Around thy brink can charms disclose
 To his poetic eyes.

Each

Each morn he quaffs libations pure ;
 Or, wrapt in thought profound,
 Leans o'er thy tinkling rill secure
 And listens to the sound.

May no rude herds, with step profane,
 His sacred haunt invade !
 With axe unhallow'd no rude clown
 Destroy th' embow'ring shade !

When Bath's proud domes and tow'rs sublime,
 That seem to brave the sky,
 Worn by the silent stroke of Time
 In mould'ring ruins lie ;

This humble grott shall here be found ;
 These primroses shall blow ;
 This verdant moss shall creep around ;
 This Stream still murm'ring flow.

While nymphs and swains, whose grandfires grey
 His bounty oft' have prov'd,
 Shall deck with flow'rs thy brink, and say,
 " This Fountain Manlius lov'd."

D 3

A domestic

A domestic Scene in rural Life.

To Mrs. M—LT—s.

“Fœlicesque vocat pariter studiique locique.”

OVID. Met.

RETIR'D beneath her laureate shade,
 On mossy couch serenely laid,
 The falling waters tinkling round,
 Then winding o'er th' enamel'd ground,
 When Cynthia 'midst the glare of day
 Here shuns fierce Titan's fervid ray,
 (Oh! for a Claude to sketch the scene!)
 Methinks I view the Paphian Queen;
 Or chaster Dian resting there,
 Flush'd with the chace of flying deer.
 Well-pleas'd she sees her infant train
 Of nymphs sporting on the plain,
 Or dancing in the checquer'd shade,
 Like little Loves in masquerade.
 Whilst Harriet with Madona face,
 The rival of her mother's grace,
 Her novel flutt'ring in the gale,
 Hangs pensive o'er some moving tale;

Or

Or with expressive air attends,
Whilst sprightly Delia cheers her friends,
(Not with wise comments on the weather,
Or hints of "who and who's together,"
But) with remarks on books profound,
Or anecdotes of the gay monde :
Then Manlius paints the toils and strife,
The vain pursuits of public life :
Gently to lead, with art design'd,
In Virtue's paths the youthful mind ;
Hence taught with innocence to rove,
Content, thro' life, the peaceful grove.

But when on serious studies bent,
I see the pigmy group intent
On books ; with maps and globes surrounded
(By change reliev'd, but not confounded)
Their tutor's wife, parental care
Softened by love's more gentle air :
Whilst some amid' the studious quire
Touch the guitar or tune the lyre ;
With dedal skill whilst Delia weaves
In threads of gold the mimic leaves ;
Or decks with flow'rs the Brussels lace
To veil the beauties of her face—

When I behold this rural scene
 So gay, so chearful—yet serene :
 What poets sing of nymphs and swains
 Assembled on th' Arcadian plains ;
 Or Muses round Castalia's spring,
 By Phœbus taught to play and sing,
 Or webs which rival artists wove,
 When Pallas and Arachne strove ;
 These scenes, methinks, so fam'd of yore,
 Tho' fancy'd to exist no more,
 Or deem'd by sceptics, fables all,
 Are realiz'd at Cl-rt-n Hall.

June 1773.

N. B. This is a real though imperfect sketch of a worthy family,
 who have happily united in their domestic œconomy, the elegant sim-
 plicity of the pastoral ages with the refinements of modern life.

To

To the Right Honourable Lord W. S.

TH O' void, my Lord, of all ambition,
And happy in your own condition;

Blest with the real joys of life,

Health, fortune, and a virtuous wife:

Yet we'll suppose you now possessing,

What some might deem a greater blessing,

(Superior even to ease and health)

More founding titles and more wealth:

Call'd to sustain the rank and station;

The highest honours of the nation.

You'd now, my Lord, be styl'd "Your Grace;"

Your servants must be deck'd with lace:

Two fellows, out of livery,

Would laugh, I ween, at you and me.

Behold! an equipage you get

Adorn'd with d-cal coronet:

And thus equip'd to court you tend;

There to your royal Sov'reign bend;

With gracious smile who kindly meets you,

And, "well-beloved Cousin" greets you.

This task perform'd, a greater still

Your title calls you to fulfil;

To

To take your station in the senate :
 (A place, which I have rarely been at)
 Whole days you'd sit in ermin'd state ;
 Fatigu'd with many a wise debate :
 Still anxious for your country's good,
 Tho' robb'd of freedom, sleep, and food.

All this, my Lord, is vastly clever
 (All this would be your lot however).
 The thing is well enough whilst new :
 But when you've run the gantlet thro'—
 (Plagu'd with more numerous attendants ;
 More sycophants and more dependents)
 And thus serv'd out the long campaign,
 You'll wish yourself at home again.

In public then you'd be a D-ke :
 Yet, would you 'scape your friend's rebuke,
 In private lay aside this pother ;
 Be still the social younger brother.
 No longer carry this grand farce on,
 But smile upon a country parson,
 Who'd come, not to salute "your Grace,"
 But merely to enjoy your place ;
 And, as of yore, your friendly chat,
 Of news or books, of this and that ;

Nor

Nor hail your D-tchefs—but your wife ;
 That pattern of domestic life !
 Who does the honours of your table,
 Nor like the Stork, which (in the fable)
 Once tantaliz'd the Fox with meat,
 In such strange forms, he could not eat :
 But studious every soul to please,
 With equal elegance and ease,
 Attentive to each humble guest,
 With smiles she crowns the wholesome feast.

But what we prize beyond all dainties
 (And what, if skill'd, I wish to paint,) is
 Your Lady's pleasing conversation,
 Which gains both love and admiration.
 Such solid sense ; such various reading ;
 Set off with such complete good-breeding ;
 At once instructive and so easy,
 As if design'd alone to please ye ;
 Her Ladyship (for which we prize her)
 Both entertains and makes us wiser.

Much more with justice might be said :
 But ah ! my Lord, I'm much afraid,
 Th' encomiums I've already made ye,
 Should you be pleas'd—will hurt your Lady.

To C. W. B-mpf—d, Esquire.

(After a slight fit of the Gout.)

RESUME, my friend, thy wonted smile,
 Nor at thy lot repine,
 If here the friendly gout a while
 Thy roving feet confine.

Stor'd with what Nature can impart,
 Or what with equal ease
 Thy pencil or thy Laura's * art,
 Can Hestercomb displease?

Cast but thine eyes that lawn around,
 Yon fertile vale survey;
 Where silver Thone, with myrtles † crown'd,
 Slow-winding marks his way:

Thy steps or up these sloping hills
 Let Laura's arm sustain:
 The balmy air and falling rills
 Shall sooth thy ling'ring pain.

* Mrs. B——'s admirable needle-work.

† Myrtles bear the winter in the vale of Taunton.

But

VARIOUS SUBJECTS. 45

But couldst thou reach Urganda's * cave,
And thence direct thine eye,
Where tow'ring oaks their branches wave
And pierce the azure sky :

There view amidst the circling shade
That rock's stupendous height,
Whence dashing down thy lov'd cascade
Attracts th' astonish'd sight :

(Impetuous rush the foaming tides,
Then in meanders flow,
'Till pleas'd her head the Naiad hides
In laureat groves below)

That scene should lull thy cares to rest,
Which still uncloy'd you view :
Tho' thy own skill the scene has dress'd,
• Its charms are always new.

Thus if thy magic pencil trace
Some landskip's bold design,
Where woods, rocks, streams, with mingled grace
In grand perspective join :

* A fine grotesque feat or witchery.

In

In silent rapture lost you stand,
 Or, fill'd with joy serene,
 Admire, tho' wrought by your own hand,
 The sweet romantic scene.

Yet not from the collected force
 Of casual torrents rise
 These cataracts : Their plenteous source
 A constant stream supplies.

Amidst these woods conceal'd from sight,
 In store by Nature laid,
 These scenes your Taste first brought to light
 And in full pomp display'd.

Our Shenstone's Farm, by force of Taste
 An envy'd Seat became :
 Your Seat, with nobler beauties grac'd,
 A Palace I proclaim.

Then wish not from thy Laura's arms
 O'er distant climes to roam ;
 When blest with Beauty's various charms,
 United thus at home.

1774.

On

VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

47

On the Poetical Society at Bath-E—n.

*"Hence ye profane ! I hate ye all ;
"Both the great vulgar and the small."* COWLEY.

BEHOLD ! where Avon's azure tide
Its flow'ry margin laves,

What num'rous villas deck its sides !

Reflected from its waves.

Yet none for beauty may compare

With Myra's gay retreat :

Her stately groves, her lawns so fair ;

Magnificently neat !

Myra, by ev'ry art refin'd,

That Science can dispense :

Genius with various Learning join'd ;

Politeness with Good Sense.

Whilst ancient Bards with joys serene

Her vacant hours employ ;

With Taste, the sweet Arcadian scene

To grace and to enjoy :

She

In silent rapture lost you stand,
 Or, fill'd with joy serene,
 Admire, tho' wrought by your own hand,
 The sweet romantic scene.

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 These cataracts: Their plenteous source
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 Your Seat, with nobler beauties grac'd,
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 O'er distant climes to roam;
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Myra, by ev'ry art refin'd,
That Science can dispense:
Genius with various Learning join'd;
Politeness with Good Sense.

Whilst ancient Bards with joys serene
Her vacant hours employ;
With Taste, the sweet Arcadian scene
To grace and to enjoy:
She

She saw, where'er she look'd around
(Our modern times disgrace)
Visits and tasteless forms abound,
And vulgarize the place.

For Avon, tho' of old rever'd,
The haunt of tuneful Bards ;
Avon had long-since nothing heard
But gossiping and cards.

With honest indignation warm'd,
She struck the sounding lyre :
Each grove and ecchoing hill was charm'd,
And caught poetic fire.

Wak'd from her trance each languid Muse,
In Bath that slumb'ring lay,
To join the choir might not refuse
When Myra led the way.

By her inspir'd each nymph and swain
Their weekly tribute bring ;
With harmony resounds the plain,
And " hills and valleys ring."

Rivals,

VARIOUS SUBJECTS. 49

Rivals for fame, they round her stand,
And emulous behold
The Myrtle wreath in Myra's hand,
More pow'rful far than gold.

Now wit and social mirth prevail,
And gild the festal day;
Poetic flowers perfume the dale,
As "ev'ry month were May."

The learned * foreign Dame no more
Our dulness shall disdain;
For Avon now may triumph o'er
The Arno and the Seine.

1774.

* Alluding to the societies of learned ladies in Italy and France.

The Embargo on Wit.

To Mrs. M — ;

On her injunction to fill up some "Bouts-rimés."

TH O' you, within your peaceful grove,

Thro' all the sweets of Science rove:

Your soaring Muse now takes her flight

Around Parnassus' tow'ring height ;

To "sports of wit," with laughing friends,

And humbler rhymes, now condescends :

Tho' your example might inspire,

Your smiles the coldest genius fire ;

Ah ! spare your slave, who loit'ring stands,

And dares dispute your kind commands.

Grown stiff with age, th' enfeebled Muse

Such airy flights must now refuse ;

Who, in her youth, when left most free,

Scarce rose to mediocrity ;

And, daunted by such dire restraint,

Beneath the galling yoke must faint.

Old Priam thus might hope to wield

Young Ajax' spear or seven-fold shield.

Then grant your ludicrous injunction

Consistent with my solemn function :

en I

: H

Yet

VARIOUS SUBJECTS. 51

Yet sure th' allotted task is hard,
An insult on the fetter'd Bard.
You bind my feet, and bid me walk ;
Obstruct my tongue, yet bid me talk ;
Bid me contend in glory's race,
Tho' tenfold weights retard my pace.

Bid Chalkstone 'midst his gouty pains,
Or the poor captive dance in chains ;
Bid yon child's linnnet warbling sing,
When hamper'd in its filken string ;
Drag * Timon from his loft away,
And bid the little minstrel play
A voluntary on the chimes :
Then bid me write in shackling rhymes.

Fancy, at sight of slavish ties,
Starts back, and wing'd with terror flies ;
Or stupid sits in sad despair,
Her visions all dissolv'd in air.

* Organist of B—th.

The Myrtle's Complaint,

On being cropt to make Poetical Wreaths.

" **S**ACRED to Venus and the Muse,
 " The theme of every Bard ;

" Can Myra thus her fav'rite use ?

" Her Myrtle thus reward ?

" Stript from their trunk by her fair hands,

" My branches scatter'd lie :

" Or fetter'd, tho' in filken bands,

" They languish, fade, and die."

Thus from amidst the darksome grove,

The Myrtle plaintive cry'd ;

When, as her flow'ry wreaths she wove,

Fair Myra thus reply'd :

" Dear Myrtle, call me not unkind,

" Nor grieve, my best-lov'd tree !

" Thou ne'er in wantonness shalt find

" Thy branches stript by me.

" If

VARIOUS SUBJECTS. 53

- " If blended with the fragrant Rose,
" Or modest Jessamine,
" A wreath or nosegay you compose,
" And * T-mples brows entwine ;
" Or haply Gr-ville's bosom grace,
" A type of Vict'ry worn ;
" Or twisted round the festal vase †,
" Our Sonnets you adorn ;
" The Poet's art new life shall give,
" And recompense thy wrongs ;
" Tho' cropt, thou still shalt blooming live
" Immortal in our Songs."

* Lord P-merston.

† An elegant-antique vase, said to be found at Tusculum ; into which
the candidates for fame put their verses.

On the ancient City of Bath.

(Written on finishing the Circus.)

MIDST flow'ry meads, and Avon's winding floods,
Romantic hills, wild rocks, and pendent woods,
Behold fair Bath her stately front advance
In all the pride of Latian elegance!
The hills that rise in rich profusion round,
With gardens deck'd, or splendid villas crown'd;
There Health and Pleasure hand-in-hand appear,
And smiling weave their roseat arbours there.
Deep in their mossy grotts beneath those hills,
The bounteous Naiads form the gushing rills.
There various springs their min'ral virtues blend,
And warm in salutary streams descend:
Those streams to mortals balmy health restore;
The gout grows mild, and colics are no more.
Here languid nymphs regain the bloom of May;
Here cripples dance, and hurl the crutch away.
Hither, with lavish hand, fresh peasants bring
The fruits of Autumn and the flow'rs of Spring;
Whilst lowing herds, from richest pastures, pour
The draught salubrious in their milky store.

Each

Each fowl of various plume that haunts the wood,
Or wings the heath or dives the liquid flood,
The spreading sea-fish and the scaly fry,
Contiguous coasts or neighb'ring streams supply.
Thus Art and Nature join in friendly strife
To show'r on Bath the blandishments of life.

Oh Bath ! thrice-happy, if to Man 'twere giv'n
T' enjoy, with temp'rate use, the gifts of Heav'n.
Didst thou thy partial fate but truly prize ;
Didst thou increase in virtue, as in size ;
Were lux'ry banish'd, with each baneful vice,
Th' infernal arts of scandal, * cards, and dice ;
The vagrant herds, that every street infect,
And insolence, with rig'rous care, suppress ;
Did no base miscreants, to themselves unjust,
By mean exactions, lib'ral minds disgust :
From distant counties Thanes in crowds should fly,
Proud in thy domes to shun the wint'ry sky ;
† Augusta's self should half-unpeopled stand,
And Bath possess the riches of the land.

* As abused by sharpers.

† The Roman name of London.

The Summer's Retreat ;

O R

A Noon-tide With in June.

(Written at Bath.)

Rare vero barbaroque lator. MART,**O** ! Bear me to some cool retreat,

Where I my lyre may tune ;

Protected from the glowing heat,

That fires the month of June.

Hide me beneath some verdant bay's

Impenetrable shade ;

Sweet contrast to Sol's dazzling rays

That scorch Bath's grand Parade !

Where, in some unfrequented vale,

The lonely hawthorn blows ;

Their sweets where violets exhale ;

Where blooms uncropt the rose.

Tho' many a healthful village fair

Her environs supply ;

Yet some from Bath too distant are,

And some, I ween, too nigh.

Tho'

VARIOUS SUBJECTS. 57

Tho' Hampton and Bathwick display
Parterres profuse of flow'rs,
And Widcomb's vale with villas gay,
Cool shades and fragrant bow'rs :

Tho' rural farm and cottage neat
Invite our steps to Weston ;
And Avon glides by many a feat,
From Bath to fam'd Bath-Easton :

Yet sure no man of taste could bear,
Instead of wholesome clowns,
The sodden look and saucy air
And insolence of towns.

Whoe'er can spend his hours content
'Midst constant noise and hubbubs,
As well might he a lodging rent
In Horse-street or the suburbs.

The cit at Twerton smokes his pipe,
And struts like Ancient Pistol ;
Proud from his face the dust to wipe,
That clouds the road to Bristol.

To

To * Ford, tho' Nature has been kind,
 'Tis sure unmeet for Bards,
 Or those whose pockets are not lin'd
 With cash, to stake at † cards.

In Kelston's shades, as wont of old,
 To sing whene'er I tease her,
 Still by the pensive Muse I'm told,
 " Those woods were made for † Cæsar."

At Newton she would wish to sing,
 Good Rector; but, I fear,
 Regard for you a crowd will bring,
 And make a city there.

Oh! then for some sequester'd vale,
 Or mountain's airy height,
 Where zephyrs mild the sense regale,
 And prospects charm the sight!

* Bathford.

† N. B. This was written some years since.

‡ The worthy Cæsar H-wk-ns; who purchased Kelston of the descendants of the learned Poet Sir J. H-r-n.

VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

39

Where idle folks but rarely stray,
 And on your time intrude;
 Yet real friends will find their way,
 And cheer your solitude.

The cliffs of Stoke would suit my taste,
 Comb-hay, or Midford hill,
 Horsecomb, with native beauties grac'd,
 And many a murmur'ing rill.

Near some dark wood or lonely rocks,
 An hut I've set my heart on,
 Where shepherds feed their nibbling flocks
 On Lansdown or at Clarton.

On Avon's banks or let me live
 An hermit's life at Warley;
 Or, would my Lord a cottage give,
 I'd dwell a Monk at Farley.

* The seat of Lord W. S. formerly a cell of Cluniac Monks or reformed Benedictines, appendant to the Abbey of Lewes in Suffex, founded 1125.

To * Ford, tho' Nature has been kind,
 'Tis sure unmeet for Bards,
 Or those whose pockets are not lin'd
 With cash, to stake at † cards.

In Kelfton's shades, as wont of old,
 To sing whene'er I teaze her,
 Still by the penfive Muse I'm told,
 " Those woods were made for ‡ Cæsar."

At Newton she would wish to sing,
 Good Rector; but, I fear,
 Regard for you a crowd will bring,
 And make a city there.

Oh! then for some sequester'd vale,
 Or mountain's airy height,
 Where zephyrs mild the sense regale,
 And prospects charm the sight!

* Bathford.

† N. B. This was written some years since.

‡ The worthy Cæsar H-wk-ns; who purchased Kelfton of the descendants of the learned Poet Sir J. H-r-n.

VARIOUS SUBJECTS. 59

Where idle folks but rarely stray,
And on your time intrude;
Yet real friends will find their way,
And cheer your solitude.

The cliffs of Stoke would suit my taste,
Comb-hay, or Midford hill,
Horsecomb, with native beauties grac'd,
And many a murm'ring rill.

Near some dark wood or lonely rocks,
An hut I've set my heart on,
Where shepherds feed their nibbling flocks
On Lansdown or at Clarton.

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I'd dwell a Monk at * Farley.

* The seat of Lord W. S. formerly a cell of Cluniac Monks or reformed Benedictines, appendant to the Abbey of Lewes in Suffex, founded 1125.

In winter crowds and good coal-fire
 More social joys impart :
 But Nature in her rude attire
 Must now take place of Art.

For a Statue of Health ;

Under an Ionic Pavilion in the King's Bath.

AUSPICIOUS Health ! fair daughter of the skies,
 O ! guard with care these springs that steaming rise ;
 Whose healing virtues, freed from dire distress,
 Millions have felt, and millions daily bless.
 Ye languid tribe, with grateful hearts receive
 The blessing these balsamic fountains give.
 If Bath's salubrious streams your health restore,
 Thank Heav'n ; be temperate ; "go and sin no more •."

• See John, V. 14.

Stanzas

VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

61

Stanzas written near Bath, 1755.

—*Quæ tu deserta & inhospita tesqua*
Dicis, amæna vocat mecum qui sentit. Hor.

TH E faunt'ring cit, who strolls from town,
With scorn surveys my Gothic cell;
Or wond'ring asks, What homely clown
In this drear solitude can dwell?

These mould'ring walls, with ivy crown'd,
That charm me with their solemn scene;
These flow'rs, that bloom spontaneous round,
Provoke his mirth or give the spleen.

Inur'd to smoke throughout the year,
Yon verdant meads unmov'd he sees;
Those hills unfightly rocks appear;
Yon sacred groves—mere heaps of trees.

The lucid fount, that murm'ring falls,
Then thro' my shrubs meand'ring steals,
An useful stream he tamely calls;
But no poetic rapture feels.

Hither

Hither from noisy crowds I fly :
 Here dwells soft Ease and Peace of mind ;
 Yet think not Fancy's curious eye
 To these deep solitudes confin'd.

Whene'er at morn or eve I rove,
 Where yonder cliffs with pines are crown'd,
 What splendid scenes my rapture move !
 How charm'd I range th' horizon round !

There Allen's stately Columns rise,
 And glitt'ring from the circling wood,
 With constant beauty feed my eyes,
 As he the poor with constant food.

Each pompous work, proud Bath, I share,
 That decks thy hills ; well-pleas'd I see
 Thy rising Cirque eclipse thy Square ;
 And * Pitt and Stanhope build for me.

* Lord Ch-tham and Lady Lucy Stanhope built some of the first houses in the Circus.

Each

Each rising mount, with some fair pile
Adorn'd, o'erlooks with conscious pride
The subject meads, that blooming smile
On winding Avon's silver tide.

Would I fair Eden's bloom restore?
Lo! Widcomb's cultivated vale;
Where Flora paints her slopes for * Moore,
And all Arabia's sweets exhale,

Luxurious thus I freely rove,
Nor at the sons of wealth repine,
Mere tenants of each hill and grove,
Which sov'reign Fancy renders mine,

Familiar grown by constant use,
The stateliest dome its master cloy:
Then grant him but these transient views.
What you *possess*, the Bard *enjoys*.

* An amiable Irish Gentleman, and great florist, who lived there.

The

The Cabinet :

On Roman Medals.

To Mr. W.

BY Love the youthful bosom warm'd,
 Oft feels poetic fire ;
 And ev'ry Bard, by beauty charm'd,
 With rapture tunes the lyre.

Tho' slow to touch the trembling string,
 Too much a slave to ease,
 Yet, taught by you, my friend, I sing;
 The subject sure must please.

Smit with the love of antient art,
 I join the rhyming throng ;
 More lasting beauty warms my heart,
 Than tunes the lover's song.

Lo! the rich Casket's mimic dome!
 Where cells in graceful rows
 The triumphs of imperial Rome
 In miniature disclose.

Lefs

VARIOUS SUBJECTS. 65

Less sacred far those tinsel shrines,
In which the faintest bones,
And relicks, modern Rome confines,
Of legendary drones.

In figur'd brass we here behold,
From time's wide waste retriev'd,
What patriots firm or heroes bold
In peace or war achiev'd.

Or silver orbs, in series fair,
With titles deck'd around,
Present each, Cæsar's face and air
With rays or laurels crown'd.

Ages to come shall hence be taught,
In lasting lines express'd,
How mighty Julius spoke or fought,
Or Cleopatra dress'd.

Augustus here with placid mien,
Bids raging discord cease;
The gates of War close-barr'd are seen,
And all the world is peace.

A race of tyrants then succeeds,
 Who frown with brow severe;
 Yet, tho' we shudder at their deeds,
 Ev'n Nero charms us here.

Thus did the blooming Titus look,
 Delight of human kind;
 Great Hadrian thus, whose death bespoke
 His firm yet gentle mind.

Aurelius too! thy Stoic face
 Indignant we compare
 With young Faustina's wanton grace,
 And meretricious air.

Each passion here and virtue shines
 In liveliest emblems dress'd;
 Less strong in Tully's ethic lines,
 Or Plato's flights express'd.

With heighten'd grace in verdant rust,
 Each work of antient art,
 The temple, column, arch, or bust
 Their wonted charms impart.

All-

VARIOUS SUBJECTS. 67

All-glorious Rome, thro' martial toil,
Beneath each zone obey'd,
Shew'd ev'ry province, trophy, spoil,
On current gold display'd.

Hence prodigals, that vainly spend,
Promote the great design;
And misers aid ambition's end,
Who treasure up the coin.

The peasant finds in ev'ry clime
The scientific ore:
Whilst on the rich remains of time,
The learn'd with rapture pore.

Each fading stroke they now re-trace,
Each legend dark unfold:
Then in historic order place,
And copper vies with gold.

Happy the sage! like you, my friend,
The ev'ning of whose days,
Heav'n grants in that fair vale to spend
Where Thames delighted strays.

To medals there and books of taste
 Those moments you consign,
 Which barren minds ignobly waste
 On dogs, or cards, or wine.

Whilst I 'mid rocks and savage woods
 Enjoy these golden dreams ;
 • Where Avon winds to mix her floods
 With Bladud's healing streams.

The Elbow-Chair.

LOLLING at ease and void of care,
 Whom rather should I raise to fame
 Than you, my much-lov'd Elbow-chair,
 Who thus support my languid frame ?

Who oft the Muse's sons befriend,
 Lull'd in your soft inspiring lap ;
 Whether poetic dreams you send,
 Or th' afternoon's indulgent nap.

• Claverton near Bath, 1750.

When

VARIOUS SUBJECTS. 69

When * Horace took that airy dance
Transform'd by Fancy's pow'rful charms;
Wak'd from his dear Pindaric trance,
He felt, I ween, thy circling arms.

Beyond Creation's utmost bound
Whilst Milton's genius took its flight;
The Bard in his arm-chair † was found,
Contented—even with loss of fight.

When thus enthron'd in state he's seen,
How awful looks the rural May'r!
When blest by thee, even little men
Assume a grand, important air.

The place of honour, which mankind
To gain so ardently aspire,
To Elbow-chairs the Gods assign'd,
And wisely plac'd them near the fire.

* Book II. Ode 20.

† He is said to have generally studied with one leg over an arm-chair.

O! more than mortals happy he,
 Who at the tavern's nightly feast
 Prevents his ling'ring company,
 And first obtains this seat of rest.

When now a gen'ral gape goes round,
 And vapours cloud each sleepy head,
 Fresh for the other flask he's found,
 Nor wishes for his downy bed.

When York and Lancaster long fought,
 And England bled in Civil War;
 What was their glorious aim? No doubt,
 'Twas that bewitching * Elbow-chair.

The roving youth, now foe to rest,
 Whose limbs a fatal vigour warms,
 Shall languish soon, and fly more blest
 To yours, than Cælia's spreading arms.

Tho' blooming Chloe yet despise
 And haughty shun thy kind support,
 By years made humble and more wise
 She in her turn thy aid shall court.

* Coronation chair brought from Scone in Scotland.

Whether

VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

71

Whether in simple check so neat,
Or velvet clad, or leather red,
Thou roaming victor's late retreat!
Where even Ambition rests her head!

Still let me love my Elbow-chair,
By age more fond, more constant grown;
Within thy arms forget each care,
Nor envy George the British throne.

1745.

On a favourite little Cur.

*Animula! vagula, blandula,
Hospes, comesque*

HENCE Mopsy then my Muse employ,
Since Chloe frowns, my only joy!
Mopsy! my constant, pleasing care,
Companion when I take the air!
Now ranging wild o'er hill and dale,
Now frisking at my horse's tail:
Her harmless yelp, and prick'd-up ear,
Now greets the passing traveller:

F 4

Then,

Then, left behind in idle chace,
 How pleas'd my winding steps to trace!—
 And when return'd, what mutual greeting!
 Like friends long absent on their meeting,
 But hark! what terrible alarm?
 How fierce the cur from yonder farm!
 Now lowly couching at his feet,
 See her th' outrageous tyrant meet;
 He lordly struts, and spurns the grass,
 But spares her sex, and lets us pass.

When Robin rings the dinner bell
 (To hungry dogs a grateful knell)
 Mopsy prevents the chaplain there,
 As constant as the bread and beer;
 Now she begins her coaxing tricks,
 And future bones in fancy picks:
 She licks your hand, and thinks it hard,
 Nor bones nor scraps her love reward.
 With stretch'd-out paw, and look intent,
 Importunate, impertinent;
 Then salient on her nether feet,
 Extorts perhaps your fav'rite bit.—
 But when the flower'd dessert appears,
 Mopsy the servants hall prefers,

Oh!

VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

73

Oh! Mopsy, cou'd my numbers paint
Thy look inquisitive and quaint:
Perplex'd when I or read or write,
Or idle verse of thee indite:
Cou'd I but half thy virtues tell,
Or cou'd my art but half so well
Thy spots and curious shades express,
As they appear in Nature's dress,
Chloe shou'd then thy captive be,
And love my dog, tho' frown on me.

Sept. 6, 1740.

An Invitation to the Feathered Race.

1763.

A GAIN the balmy zephyr blows,
Fresh verdure decks the grove;
Each bird with vernal rapture glows,
And tunes his note to love.

Ye gentle warblers, hither fly,
And shun the noon-tide heat:
My shrubs a cooling shade supply:
My groves a safe retreat.

Here

Here freely hop from spray to spray,
 Or weave the mossy nest;
 Here rove, and sing the live-long day,
 At night here sweetly rest.

By Phœbus lov'd these verdant bays
 Shall shade your tuneful choirs;
 Here calmly sit and chaunt your lays,
 Which Phœbus' self inspires.

These roses dear to ev'ry Bard,
 To smiling Venus dear,
 With fragrant tufts your young shall guard,
 Your loves consummate here.

Amidst this cool, translucent rill,
 That trickles down the glade,
 Here bathe your plumes, here drink your fill,
 And revel in the shade.

No school-boy rude, to mischief prone,
 E'er shews his ruddy face,
 Or twangs his bow or hurls a stone
 In this sequester'd place.

VARIOUS SUBJECTS. 75

Hither the vocal Thrush repairs;
Secure the Linnet sings;
The Goldfinch dreads no slimy snares,
To clog her painted wings.

Sad Philomel! ah! quit thy haunt,
Yon distant * woods among:
And round my friendly Grotto chaunt
Thy sweetly-plaintive song.

Let not the harmless Red-breast fear,
Domestic bird! to come,
And seek a sure asylum here,
With one that loves his home.

My trees for you, ye artless tribe,
Shall store of fruit preserve:
Oh! let me then your friendship bribe;
Come, eat without reserve.

For you these cherries I protect;
To you these plums belong:
Sweet is the fruit that you have peck'd;
But sweeter far your song.

* Warley woods.

Let

Let then this league, betwixt us made,
 Our mutual interests guard;
 Mine be the gift of fruit and shade,
 Your songs be my reward.

To the Woodman.

AH! void of taste! Plebeian vile!
 Hold, caitiff, hold thy sacrilegious hand;
 Nor violate these hallow'd groves;
 These rev'rend oaks, beneath whose spreading boughs,
 With moss and creeping ivy clad,
 Full oft' the Bard has caught poetic fire:
 Or, with celestial visions blest,
 Ador'd the awful Genius of the place.
 Fatigu'd with pageantry and state,
 Here sweetly-pensive Cynthia sate and thought;
 The fragrant woodbine blooming round,
 In solitude and meditation learn'd
 To taste the genuine sweets of life——
 And shall these shades thus unlamented fall?
 Their limbs transform'd to gates and stiles
 And utensils inglorious!—Tasteless wight!

VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

77

I charge thee, hold thy murd'rous hand.

Hark ! at each stroke th' afflicted Dryads groan ;

The timorous Wood-nymphs fly forlorn ;

And seek for shelter to the pitying rocks.

The croaking raven high in air

With ominous note proclaims the barbarous deed :

Sad Philomel the havoc views

With silent grief, and quits her long-lov'd haunt.

The Hyacinth and Primrose pale

Shrink, droop their heads, and shun the glare of day—

Yet, deaf to every tenderest plea,

The ruthless rustic plies his plundering ax.

PART

PART II

SARCASTIC

TO

DR. B. B. K. L. - R.

5

P A R T II.

S A R C A S T I C.

T O

Dr. B. B — K L — R.

PART II

STATISTICAL

20

DEPT. OF AGRICULTURE

P A R T II.

S A R C A S T I C.

Falstaff the Second ;

O R

The Commodious Gout.

TO serve his country or his friend
Whene'er Sir John's call'd out,
The Knight's unable to attend,
For ah ! he 'as got the gout.

When the Militia he's to train,
Or Seffions come about ;
You'll hear her Ladyship complain,
“ Sir John has got the gout.”

VOL. I.

G

If

If tradesman's bill the Knight's to pay,
He'll promise fair, no doubt :
But lo ! before th' appointed day,
Sir John has got the gout.

When fox or stag before him flies,
You'll hear him whoop and shout :
But when subpoena'd to th' Affize,
Sir John has got the gout.

At turtle or at venison treat,
The Knight seems pretty stout :
But when the Parliament's to meet,
Sir John has got the gout.

Should you depend upon Sir John,
'Tis then in vain to pout
If you're deceiv'd—For ten to one,
Sir John has got the gout.

The

The invisible Equipage.

S I R John, tho' past the prime of life,
His fortune to repair,
Resolv'd to get a second wife,
If not—to get an heir.

To make a wealthy dame his prize,
The Knight commenc'd a beau ;
The sex he knew (more fair than wife)
Lov'd equipage and shew.

Three tawdry suits from Monmouth-street
Set off with tarnish'd lace,
As many wigs, for scare-crows meet,
His rueful person grace.

But chief the car, with gilded pride,
Four prancing courfers drew.
“ Consent, my fair, and be my bride ;
“ This coach I'll *keep* for you.”

The Nymph was caught—for Hymen's bands
 She soon resigns her gold ;
 The coach is *kept*,—but useless stands,
 For lo! the steeds are sold.

Her Ladyship, like modern wife,
 No more abroad can roam ;
 But leads a chaste and virtuous life
 With old Sir John at home.

On an old Gentleman's marrying a fine fing-
 ing Girl.

F A M'D for the music of her strains,
 A warbling linnet, o'er the plains
 And thro' the neighb'ring groves was known :
 The 'Squire, as late he trudg'd along,
 Was ravish'd with this linner's song,
 And wish'd to make the bird his own.

With

With curious art the snare was set,
 He caught her in his silken net.
 (Ye swains the public loss deplore)
 She flutters round her gilded cage;
 Looks pretty; but, I dare engage,
 Will charm him with her songs no more.

Sordid Profusion.

ENRICH'D by fortune, not by merit,
 "Ninus, you say, *now* shews a spirit.
 "No longer eats his mutton chop,
 "In cellar vile, or dark cook-shop:
 "Instead of hoarding up his pelf,
 "He spends it—and *enjoys himself*."

He does, you say? So much the wiser:
 For all mankind detest a miser.
 Yet sure 'twould shew as good an heart,
 If you and I enjoy'd a part.
 If Ninus lavishes his treasures
 On sordid, low and *selfish* pleasures;
 I own, I value him no more
 Than all his neighbours did before:
 To me—the *wretch* will still be *poor*.

Vanity and Avarice.

THE wretch that courts the fordid Great,
And with the splendid Florio dines,
Is tantaliz'd in empty state ;
And starves amidst his costly wines.

There's Burgundy, he lets you know ;
Or bright Champaign's more sprightly juice ;
There's Claret too ; but all for show ;
The honest " Port's alone for use."—

Thus vex'd, his tortur'd guests complain ;
And stare at what they fear to touch :
Thus Florio, covetous and vain,
Still does too little or too much.

Meagre

Meagre Neatness.

THUS to the master of an house,
 Which, like a church, would starve a mouse,
 Which never guest had entertain'd,
 Nor meat nor wine its floors had stain'd,
 I said ; " Well, Sir, 'tis vastly fine ;
 " But where d' you drink, and where d' you dine ?
 " If one may judge by rooms so neat,
 " It costs you more in *mops* than *meat* ! "

The Miser's Vaults.

Servata centum clavibus.

HOR.

TH Y cellars, friend, may justly *vaults* be styl'd,
 Where casks on casks, on bottles bottles pil'd,
 By locks and bolts so closely are confin'd ;
 Thy liquor's dead—and *buried* to mankind.

The Insolence of Office.

HA V E you not seen a dog call'd Pug,
Perch'd on a cushion or a rug ?
Or mounted in an easy chair,
With nose erect and saucy air ?
Go when you will, this little snarler
Reigns the curst tyrant of the parlour.
No overtures of peace can please him ;
Your forc'd civilities but teaze him.
Present your hand, he bites your knuckles ;
Put forth your foot, he snaps your buckles.
His yelping wounds your tortur'd ears ;
His snarling tricks alarm your fears.
Whether the lady's friend or lover,
You long to have the coffee over :
And with this testy cur offended,
Rejoice to find your visit ended.
So have I seen a little man,
In stature not above a span ;
In shape, much like a china jug :
Whom from his face so smooth and smug,

You

You might expect to find more civil :
Yet try him—he's a very devil.

The fellow understands accounts ;
By which he into office mounts :
And, trusted with some small affairs,
Gives himself these gigantic airs.
Perch'd in his desk, with wig so neat,
Nor * Hoare nor Child are half so great.

Behold him swell and snap and snort,
And with rude answers cut folks short ;
With insolence affront his betters,
Tho' men of rank, of birth, or letters !
Thus arrogant without once blushing,
Like Pug upon his velvet cushion.

But do your business as you can ;
Laugh at the proud, important man ;
Let him count o'er his borrow'd pelf ;
And leave the *puppy* to himself.

* Eminent bankers.

Septennial Importance ;

Or the Freeholder.

H EYDAY ! friend Snap, with what an air
Thou toffest me thy wooden chair !

Why put'st thou this important face on ?

Thou'lt flirt the lather o'er thy bafon.

How flippantly thy razor goes !

Hold, hold, you dog ; you'll cut my nose :

Prithee, my friend, don't shave so fast—

“ Sir, you'll excuse me ; I'm in haste.

“ I must not make his Honour wait :

“ The Member's coach is at his gate ;

“ And he depends upon my vote—

“ I must be gone and change my coat.

“ The poll comes on soon after nine ;

“ And then at three the voters dine.

“ I'd rather eat a bit at home ;

“ But Mr. May'r *desir'd* I'd come.”

Well ; now, I hope, the bustle's ended,

We little folks may be attended.

Thou'lt now recover thy humility ;

And treat us with thy old civility.

Again

Again vouchsafe to tell me news ;
Nay, brush my coat, or wipe my shoes.
Now all thy consequence is gone ;
No longer M'ister, but plain John.
Dwindled again to honest Snap,
Thou'lt set thy razor, ply thy strap ;
And since Election treats are o'er,
Shave calmly on for *seven* years more.

To a Coffee-House Politician.

PRATE not, my friend, of unknown things—
Say, why are ministers and kings
And *courts* the object of thy spleen ?
Who never yet a *court* hast seen,
Nor ever wilt, I'll answer for't,
But Ruffel or Saint Martin's Court.

The curious Impertinent.

A Man there is, to all the country known,
 Who neither lives in country nor in town :
 He's here, he's there ; from place to place he flies,
 In quest of that which Heav'n to man denies.
Curio, the present joys of life forgot,
 Still fancies greater joys where *he* is not :
 Hence ever restless, go where'er you will,
 You'll find poor *Curio* at your elbow still.
 He boasts no wit ; but yet, the Lord knows why,
Curio still keeps the best of company.
 Wherever well-dress'd folks in crowds appear,
 Ask'd or unask'd—you'll still find *Curio* there.
 At every venison, every turtle feast,
 See him, with anxious looks, a constant guest !
 Drawn by the savoury steam, no doubt ?—Why no ;
 He only *comes* to see how matters go.
 In shooting season, *Curio* takes his gun ;
 Is there a fishing party ?—*He* makes one :
 Not for the sport—For *Curio* neither went
 To shoot or fish—but just to learn th' event.

To-day

To-day he comes, to shew my lord your place ;
 To-morrow does the same,—t' oblige his Grace :
 Thus mov'd by wires, this arrant punchinello,
 For want of business—is a *busy* fellow !

The Dangler.

CHARM'D with the empty sound of pompous words,

Carlo vouchsafes to dine with none but lords.

Whilst rank and titles all his thoughts employ,

For these he barter every social joy ;

For these, what you and I sincerely hate,

He lives in form, and often starves in state.—

Carlo, enjoy thy peer ! content to be

Rather a slave to him, than friend to me :

Go, sell the substance to retain the show ;

May you *seem* happy—whilst I'm really so !

The

The Impudence of Wealth.

BUFO, whose pride disdains to give attention,
Still asks you things above his comprehension ;
But, ere you speak, his thoughts are on himself,
His dress, his dinner, or his paltry pelf.
One day, quoth he, " What signifies your learning ?
" Does Greek or Latin make one more discerning ?
" For all your Classics I'd not give one groat ;
" Who's e'er the richer, pray, for all they wrote ?
" If books then neither make men rich or wiser,
" Your man of learning is the greatest miser ;
" Whose studies, day and night, his thoughts employ,
" To heap up stores, which he can ne'er enjoy."

Your reas'ning's something odd, I told the man, Sir,
But you'll not listen to a proper answer.
The sweets of knowledge are to-thee, I find,
Sounds to the deaf, or colours to the blind ;
Since in the dark then owls are more discerning,
How just is thy antipathy to learning !

The Test of Merit :

On the Earl of Ch——d.

“ **I**S this the Man so fam’d for wit ?”
Cries *Bufo*, fam’d for wanting wit ;

“ This little man, so thin and queer ?—

“ Who’d take his Lordship for a peer ?

“ His eyes indeed have something sprightly ;

“ But sure his person’s far from fightly ;

“ They praise his speeches and his jokes ;

“ He looks and talks like other folks.”

Thus *Bufo*, puff’d with pride and fat,

Sill vents his spleen in frothy chat :

More vers’d in butcher’s meat than books,

Enquires how fat or lean one looks ;

And sagely, by mechanic rules,

Deems men philosophers or fools ;

His balance rais’d, with air profound,

He weighs your merit by the pound !

To

To Bufo.

BUFO, it seems, aloud complains,
 He's made the subject of my strains ;
 Declares " he never gave offence ;"
 And " wonders at my insolence.
 " A word (he's sure) he never spoke,
 " That could a Poet's spleen provoke ;
 " Why vents he then on me his spite,
 " Who hardly know the man by sight ?"—
 Why truly, tho' thus over-weening,
 Thy words, I trow, have no great *meaning* ;
 Yet, *Bufo*, who can tamely bear
 Thy solemn strut, thy haughty air ?—
 Our streets, tho' reasonably wide,
 Are scarce sufficient for thy pride ;
 Affronts are not to *words* confin'd ;
 Thy *look's* an insult on mankind.

The solemn Cheat.

"Ego te intus—et in cute novi."

ALAS! Sir Knight, in vain, you wear
 That senatorial wig—and air;
 In vain call in reserve's assistance,
 To keep us little folks at distance:
 Indeed, my friend, this will not do;
 A child may pierce the cobweb thro'.

These arts may rustics keep in awe,
 And to your vassals give the law;
 We know the world, and we despise
 This mummary, this low disguise.
 You're still the same, do all you can;
 We know too well what is in man!
 No artifice that foul can hide,
 The seat of ignorance—and pride;
 But, spite of all this vile grimace,
 We read the idiot in your face.

Vario : Or the force of Fashion.

*V*ARIO, tho' merely led by fashion,
 For worth alone pretends a passion ;
 Affects, with truly lib'ral spirit,
 To idolize a man of merit ;
 Applauds the deeds, the sense, the jokes,
 Of good, or wise, or witty folks :—
 He daily at your house attends,
 And seems to rank you with his friends :
 In public too he'll still affect
 To treat you with profound respect,
 (More than Venetians do their Dogue)
 For what?—because you are *in vogue*.

For, Sir, you must not think it strange,
 If *Vario* should his conduct change ;
 The public, fickle as a child,
 Now frowns on what so late it smil'd ;
 Still fond of change, wants something new ;
 Caressing me, neglecting you.
 See *Vario*, in his turn, affect
 To treat you with the same neglect ;
 Nay, shuns you, as a worthless rogue !
 For what?—because you're *out of vogue*.

To

To the same.

*V*ARIO! thou art not void of sense ;
Yet sure such pride and insolence
The brightest parts disgrace :
To-day thou meet'st one, quite delighted ;
To-morrow, truly, thou'rt short-sighted,
And dost not know one's face.

Thou hast, I own, some shining qualities,
But then they hardly seem realities,
Nor fit to fix a friend on :
For, whilst thy temper is so various,
Thy smiles and frowns are so precarious,
Say, what can we depend on ?—

One hour, forsooth, thou'rt wondrous civil,
The next, thou look'st like any devil ;
How shall we truly prize thee ?
Thy frowns—we'll laugh at or neglect ;
Thy smiles—we'll treat with forc'd respect,
But in our hearts—despise thee.

The Man of Sense.

MILO, you tell me, is a man of sense,
 Who thus displays his wit at your expence;
 Whilst with your claret *Milo* you regale,
 He soothes your ear with jest, or hum'rous tale:
 Yet stung with satyr or malignant sneer,
 You often buy your mirth extremely dear.
 He entertains your company, 'tis true;
 But, whilst we laugh with him, we laugh at you.
Milo, whene'er you speak, looks wondrous wise,
 Or cuts you short with insolent replies:
 If contradicted, heav'ns! what exclamations!
 He fills the room with rude vociferations:
 With Cynic snarls maintains the loud debate,
 Fierce as a cur before his master's gate.
 Wit as he is, and fraught with learned store,
 Yet *Milo* wants one happier talent more.
 None laugh sincere but those who're at their ease;
 Then, *Milo*, learn the better art—to please:
 Fools are reveng'd when wit gives just offence,
 And true *good-nature* far outshines *good-sense*.

The Man of Reading.

LORENZO is, tho' much a beau,
The greatest reader that I know :

Reads each new pamphlet, each new play ;

And knows of each what people say ;

Then fixes, with a critic spirit,

(At second-hand) each writer's merit :

The first to know, still more exact,

The name and author of each tract ;

Despises those that have not bought

The last new thing that Churchill wrote ;

Points out each bright, each fav'rite line ;

And vows the whole is vastly fine !

But yet, with all this various reading,

Lorenzo is a man of breeding,

Tho' he had been two years at college,

He ne'er insults you with deep knowledge :

No scraps of Latin quotes, nor borrows

A thought from Virgil or from Horace ;

No learned points he e'er unravels,

Nor mentions history or travels ;

H 3

Gives

The Man of Sense.

MIL^O, you tell me, is a man of sense,
 Who thus displays his wit at your expence;
 Whilst with your claret *Milo* you regale,
 He sooths your ear with jest, or hum'rous tale:
 Yet stung with satyr or malignant sneer,
 You often buy your mirth extremely dear.
 He entertains your company, 'tis true;
 But, whilst we laugh with him, we laugh at you.
Milo, whene'er you speak, looks wondrous wise,
 Or cuts you short with insolent replies:
 If contradicted, heav'ns! what exclamations!
 He fills the room with rude vociferations:
 With Cynic snarls maintains the loud debate,
 Fierce as a cur before his master's gate.
 Wit as he is, and fraught with learned store,
 Yet *Milo* wants one happier talent more.
 None laugh sincere but those who're at their ease;
 Then, *Milo*, learn the better art—to please:
 Fools are reveng'd when wit gives just offence,
 And true *good-nature* far outlines *good-sense*.

The Man of Reading.

LORENZO is, tho' much a beau,
The greatest reader that I know :

Reads each new pamphlet, each new play ;

And knows of each what people say :

Then fixes, with a critic spirit,

(At second-hand) each writer's merit :

The first to know, still more exact,

The name and author of each tract ;

Despises those that have not bought

The last new thing that Churchill wrote ;

Points out each bright, each fav'rite line ;

And vows the whole is vastly fine !

But yet, with all this various reading,

Lorenzo is a man of breeding,

Tho' he had been two years at college,

He ne'er insults you with deep knowledge :

No scraps of Latin quotes, nor borrows

A thought from Virgil or from Horace ;

No learned points he e'er unravels,

Nor mentions history or travels ;

H 3

Gives

Gives no account of ancient times
 Or what is done in foreign climes.
 In short, his reading, you will find,
 Floats on the surface of his mind.

Lorenzo reads, as others play :
 He reads—for something still to say.
 He reads a thing—because 'tis new :
 He reads—because his neighbours do.

So then I find thou art, my friend,
 An *endless* reader to no *end*.
 If these, said I, are all your views,
 Throw by your books, and read the news.

Town Life and Country Life.

HOW dull's a country life ! sage Bufo cries.
 Dull as your life in town, his friend replies.
 B. How can you bear the same things o'er and o'er ?
 F. Yet, what can Bath or London, pray, give more ?
 B. You eat and drink and stroll about your fields.
 F. Such are the joys your fav'rite town life yields ;
 Yet whilst our fields are green, our flow'rs are sweet,
 You breathe in smoke, and tread the dusty street.

B. To

- B. To shift the scene, we've various public places—
 F. Yet still you meet the same dull, busy faces.
 B. Then fresh and fresh we read the daily news.
 F. Content some weekly Journal I peruse.
 B. Can you the rooms, cards, company resign?
 F. Yes, for health, ease, good air, and wholesome wine.
 B. But you've no neighbours—F. Yes, we have a few;
 And then—we're seldom plagu'd with folks like you.

Bull's Shop*.

THIS shop, like many a man in place,
 Displays, friend Bull, a double face:
 One side exhibits *gilded toys*,
 To please our *idle* girls and boys;
 And one *gilt books*, those toys more sage
 For *idle* folks of ev'ry age.

* Bookfeller and toyman at Bath.

The Hogs of * * *

(Written at Bath.)

KING Bladud once espy'd some hogs
 Lie wallowing in the steaming bogs;
 Whence issued forth those sulph'rous springs,
 Since honour'd by more potent Kings.
 Vex'd at the brutes alone possessing
 What ought to be a common blessing;
 He drove them thence in mighty wrath,
 And built the stately town of Bath.
 The hogs, thus banish'd by the Prince,
 Have liv'd at * * * ever since.

The Fair Stoic.

"BE A R and forbear;"—thus preach the Stoic sages;
 And in two words include the sense of pages.
 • With patience *bear* life's certain ills; and oh!
 • *Forbear* those pleasures which must end in woe.
 With these wise maxims Sappho still can treat us,
 And prove her text from * Carter's Epictetus.
 * Epictetus elegantly translated by Miss Carter.

Thus

Thus to be Stoics, each fair friend she teaches ;
 Whilst Sappho ne'er will practise what she preaches.
 For tho' no child, yet we may safely swear,
 Sappho will neither *bear*, nor yet *forbear*.

The Fair Œconomist.

VAIN, to her own and to her spouse's cost,

Flavia still makes œconomy her boast.

Let fools be dupes to knaves ; but she's more wise,

Bargains alone th' experienc'd Flavia buys.

In fancy frugal, tho' in fact profuse,

She stocks her house with things of little use.

“ That set of china was the cheapest thing !

“ 'Tis fine enough to entertain the King.

“ This cambric, slyly slip't into her hand,

“ Was *such* a bargain—she could *not* withstand.

“ This cloth, tho' dear, cost nothing, one may say ;

“ 'Twill wear for ever ; and—I know 'twill pay.”

Then she has bought the finest goose in town,

They ask'd three shillings, but took half a crown.

“ And don't you think this ham extremely cheap ?

“ We did not want it ; but you know 'twill keep.”

Her

Her friends with bargains thus poor Flavia treats ;
 Laughs at her tradesmen, whilst herself she cheats.
 But, Flavia, stop in time ; too late, I fear,
 You'll find these bargains cost you plaguy dear.

The Heroines : Or, Modern Memoirs.

IN ancient times, some hundred winters past,
 When British dames for conscience-sake were chaste ;
 If some frail nymph, by youthful passion sway'd,
 From Virtue's paths unhappily had stray'd ;
 When banish'd Reason re-assum'd her place,
 The conscious wretch bewail'd her foul disgrace ;
 Fled from the world, and pass'd her joyless years
 In decent solitude and pious tears :
 Veil'd in some convent made her peace with Heav'n ;
 And almost hop'd—by Prudes to be forgiv'n.

Not so of modern dames th' adventurous race,
 Whose loose intrigues might Nero's annals grace ;
 Grown old in sin, and dead to amorous joy,
 No acts of penance *their* great souls employ.

Without

Without a blush behold each nymph advance,
 The luscious heroine of her own romance !
 Each harlot triumphs in her loss of fame,
 And boldly prints and publishes her shame.

Under some stupid Lines, written in a Window
 with a Diamond-Pencil.

TH E lines so dull, the instrument so bright !
 What evil genius tempted thee to write ?
 Ah ! let that Brilliant sparkle in a ring ;
 A diamond-pencil is a dang'rous thing.
 Truce with thy rhymes ; nor thus, on ev'ry glass,
 To all the world proclaim thyself an ass.

On the Ghost of false Wit,

Which appeared amongst the Ladies at Bath, in the
 Shape of some ill-natured Allusions. 1769.

IN the days of Queen Anne (those halcyon days,
 Which, in spite of dull party, I'll venture to praise)
 When the pert sons of dulness, a troublesome band,
 With the shafts of False Wit infested the land ;

Steel,

Steel, Addison, Swift, bold champions, arose,
 And with volleys of humour, in verse and in prose,
 This hydra they flew : nay, even its Ghost,
 Which in various disguises still haunted our coast,
 Into the Red-sea they safely convey'd,
 And for full fifty years the poor dæmon was laid.

But his time is expir'd ; and lo ! of late years,
 In divers odd shapes again he appears.

In Riddles and Rebus he puzzles our brains,

And stalks bolt-upright in Acrostic's dull strains ;

Nay, with smart Bouts-riméz he's so artfully grac'd,

He past for True Wit with some persons of taste.

In high life he figures amongst our great folks,

In sprightly Humbugs and practical Jokes.

Strange races, for Wit, our young noblemen ride ;

And where Reason should argue—deep betts must decide.

Proceed, ye choice Spirits ! may Fortune befriend,

And all joy on your harmless achievements attend !

With Crambo (and welcome !) your moments beguile ;

And at Pun meritorious I'll allow you to smile.

But, in plays and romances tho' learned no doubt,

O ! keep your small talk for her Ladyship's rout :

And I charge you, ye witlings and dunces, forbear

To wage war on Virtue, or blaspheme the Fair.

Let

108

S A R C A S T I C.

Let good L--derdale have her visiting-day;
 And Aft-n uncensur'd be sprightly and gay.
 Let W * * and M * * still charmingly look,
 Nor envy good D—p—t's Gout and his Book,
 Nor let it, ye pigmies, thus give you offence,
 That the Doctor excels you in height * as in sense.

But chiefly, ye *nymphs*, who abound in *true* wit,
 Beware how such fatal examples *you* set.
 Ridicule and keen Satyr are dang'rous tools,
 And when once in the hands of pert coxcombs and fools,
 No character's sacred; no virtue's secure
 From stabs in the dark—But of this be you sure,
 Where malice and envy and dulness abound,
 Youth and beauty 'll receive the most dang'rous wound.
 To suffer at length you cannot but choose;
 'Tis gaming with sharpers who have nothing to lose.
 The old and the ugly will join the base crew,
 And scandal make cruel reprisals on you.

* A worthy *Divine*, who was ridiculed for being unfortunately six
 feet five inches high.

On Calumny.

INFERNAL Imp! of Falsehood born,
By Envy, Pride, or Worthlessness begot;
In cells obscure 'midst beldames old,
Foster'd by Malice and Impertinence!
Hence to the shades of Erebus,
And hide 'midst hideous fiends thy haggard head,
Nor with thy pestilential breath
Infect the balmy air: Beauty and Youth
And worth transcendent are thy prey,
Relentless hag! nor Virtue from thy rage
Nor Innocence itself is safe.
All day with prying looks and listening ear
Thou prowlest for intelligence.
Or, from some secret nook, watchest the doors
Of inoffensive citizens;
Forming conjectures rash on all that pass:
Thence issuing forth with fell intent,
Vouchest thy vain surmises for firm truths,
Certain "as proofs of holy writ."
By night, when mortals sleep, secure of harm,

With

With rancorous heart and busy hand
Thou sow'st unseen the seeds of disaffection ;
Whence friends meet friends with freezing looks,
Nor guess the cause that alienates their hearts.
Disguis'd like antiquated maid,
Oft' have I seen thee with malignant leer
Dart from the card-table base hints,
And spread thy venom in ambiguous phrase,
Whilst artless Youth and Beauty smiles
With unsuspecting freedom on the swain
That leads her down the mazy dance,
Nor dreams of mischief from thy whispering tongue.
But chief amongst the critic herd,
Sitting in judgment on th' applauded work
Of rising genius thou presid'st :
And if the force of truth acquit the *Bard*,
Thou'lt wound the morals of the *Man*,
With fancy'd errors soothing thus thy spleen. —
How oft' amidst the harmless tribe
Of politicians, met in wise debate
On public measures o'er their tea,
Thy discontented countenance is ken'd !
Venting with factious zeal thy lies
On virtuous Ministers and patriot Kings.

Thy partial pencil dipt in gall,
Gives to the fairest deeds the jaundice tint,
And vilifies the wisest plans.
Infernal hag, hated by Gods and men !
Hence to thy native realms of night,
And hide for ever thy detested head !

P A R T III.

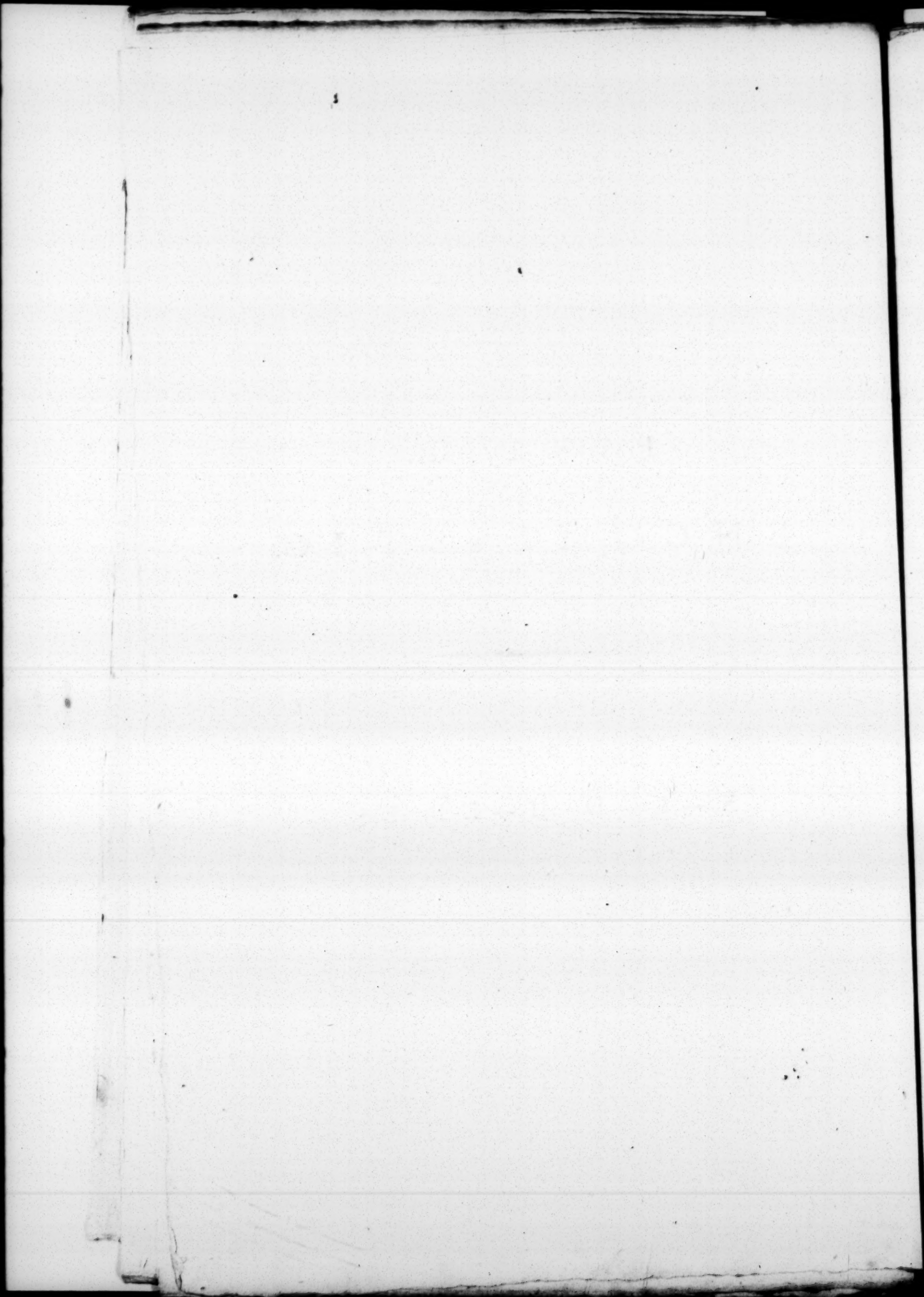
E N C O M I A S T I C.

T O

R - L - D H - L T, Esq.

Vol. I.

I



P A R T III.
E N C O M I A S T I C.

* On the Coronation of King George III,
22 Sept. 1761.

THREE Monarchs now, of Brunswick's honour'd race,
Shall with the same great name our annals grace.
The first, tho' view'd by Party's envious eyes,
Contending Factions own was *good* and *wise*.
Thro' a long reign, brave, mild, and just, approv'd,
Our second George we style *the well-below'd*,
But now a Youth ascends the British throne,
Whom every royal Virtue calls her own.

* Some of these pieces (on subjects *equally* popular at that time) were spoken by some young gentlemen at a private school.—*N. B.* The Muse is of no Party.

Unenvy'd he his *native* right obtains ;
 And in the *heart* of every Briton reigns.
 Proceed, young Prince, a patriot King complete ;
 And George the Third henceforth be GEORGE the *great*.

On Mr. Pitt's Return to his Country Seat
 1761.

BRITANNIA long her hapless fate had mourn'd ;
 By Factions rent at home, by Europe scorn'd,
 Successless wars her languid councils show ;
 Her troops still fly before the insulting foe.
 No more her fleets triumphant rule the main,
 And sickening Commerce sues for aid in vain.
 To guide her tott'ring bark a pilot fit
 At length she seeks—and casts her eyes on Pitt.
 He left his rural seat, and active rose ;
 Retriev'd her credit and subdu'd her foes.
 From pole to pole, on ev'ry hostile shore
 Again her flag's display'd, her cannons roar.
 The lakes of Canada our triumphs hear,
 And Afric's sons the name of Pitt revere.

Nay

Nay more, he bids even *civil* Discord cease,
And sees each boist'rous Faction hush'd in peace :
'Then quits the helm, without a title great ;
And seeks once more at Hayes a calm retreat.

Great Cincinnatus thus, at Rome's request,
Left his lone farm, and took th' imperial vest,
With heav'n-born zeal his patriot breast inspir'd,
Thus sav'd his country, triumph'd, and retir'd.

Mr. Allen : Or, the Great Plebeian *.

————— *Sanctus haberi*
Justitiæque tenax factis dictisque mereris ?
Agnosco procerem. ———

JUV.

YE haughty youths, of noble lineage vain,
Who scour the turf and revel in Champaign ;
Who boldly claim the honours of your race,
And boast their names, whose titles you disgrace ;
Tell me, what first your grandfires' blood refin'd ?
Was it their birth, or virtues of their mind ?—
'Twas Virtue gave that lustre to their name,
And plac'd them foremost in the lists of Fame :

* Alluding to an expression in a public paper.

For civil arts or feats of arms renown'd,
Their merit unbought titles justly crown'd.

But tho' the wretch that soils their glorious deeds,
To his Sires' honours *legally* succeeds;
Tho' titles may descend where virtues fail,
No royal grant can real worth entail :
Such tinsel pomp may dazzle vulgar eyes ;
Whilst men of sense the glitt'ring cheat despise.

But see the man of virtuous parents born,
Whose useful life exalted acts adorn !
With genius bless'd, whose ev'ry purpose tends
T' improve his country or assist his friends :
Who pours his wealth on works of public use ;
In worthiest acts still gloriously profuse :
Whose pious care seeks merit in distress ;
His unknown hand, while wond'ring wretches bless,
Like some celestial planet's friendly rays,
To all around diffusive blifs conveys.
Who thus thro' life pursues one glorious plan,
Is more than noble—is a god-like man.

The

The Epicure.

To W. Mills, Esq;

Of Warden's Hall in Essex.

YOU call it luxury, when in all his glory
 Quin * loads his plate with turtle or John Dory;
 Or snuffs the pinguid haunch's fav'ry steam,
 And crowns the feast with jellies and ic'd cream.
 But when, with more indulgence, you employ
 Your wealth to give the anxious bosom joy;
 When, by one lib'ral act, the mind's best treat,
 You make a † Brother's happiness compleat;
 There is, you'll own, tho' rarely understood,
 The highest luxury in doing good.
 Nay, view his heart; and Quin will grant, I'm sure,
 The gen'rous man's—the truest Epicure.

* Equally famous for his theatrical skill, his generosity, and his love of—John Dory—a delicate sea-fish.

† Mr. Mills took his Brother one morning to the bank, and transferred to him 10,000l. as a present.

To Lord W. S.

On a Venison Feast at F—r—y.

Impromptu.

INDEED, my good Lord, I pity your case ;
 Condemn'd to *reside* at so charming a place.
 Like a man that's ty'd up to a beautiful wife,
 Who beholds the same face—all the days of his life ;
 This prospect to you is like mutton each day,
 'Tis ven'son to us, who just peep—and away.

To William Shenstone, Esq;

On the Leasowes.

SEE the tall youth, by partial Fate's decree,
 To affluence born, and from restraint set free !
 Eager he seeks the scenes of gay resort,
 The Mall, the Route, the Play-house, and the Court ;
 Soon for some varnish'd nymph of dubious fame,
 Or powder'd peerefs, counterfeits a flame.

Behold

Behold him now enraptur'd, swear and sigh,
Dress, dance, drink, revel, all he knows not why :
'Till, by kind Fate restor'd to country air,
He marks the roses of some rural Fair ;
Smit with her unaffected, native charms,
A real passion soon his bosom warms,
And, wak'd from idle dreams, he takes a wife,
And tastes the genuine happiness of life.

Thus, in the vacant season of the year,
Some Templar gay begins his wild career :
From seat to seat o'er pompous scenes he flies,
Views all with equal wonder and surprize ;
'Till, sick of domes, arcades, and temples grown,
He hies fatigu'd, not satisfied, to town.
Yet, if some kinder Genius point his way,
To where the Muses o'er thy Leasowes stray,
Each hill, each dale, each consecrated grove,
Each lake, and falling stream, his rapture move ;
Like the sage captive in Calypso's grott,
The cares, the pleasures, of the world forgot,
Of calm content he hails the genuine sphere,
And longs to dwell a blissful hermit here.

To

To Morgan Graves, Esq;

On the Improvements at Mickleton, in Gloucestershire:
A Fragment*.

IS this the place, where late in tonfile yew,
Crowns, dragons, pyramids, and peacocks grew?
Where quaint parterres presented to the eye
The various angles of a Christmas pye?
Or alleys met with correspondent glades,
And trees in rows cast equidistant shades?
Where terraces you scal'd by many a step,
From which th' affrighted frogs in panics leap;
And walls surrounding, thirty cubits high,
Left to the view scarce thirty ells of sky?
Around the mansion barns and stables lay,
And spread Night's mantle o'er the face of Day.
These spacious lawns an hundred hedges shar'd,
Like tenements of cards by children rear'd.

* This is inserted as Mr. Shenstone took the first hint for improving the Leasowes from what he saw at Mickleton, as Mr. G. did from what was done at Warleis near Waltham Abbey, in Essex, as early as the year 1735; which is near as far back as Mr. Walpole (we are told) dates this taste in England.

What

What Taste perverse our ancestors inspir'd,
Who banish'd oaks, and mournful yews admir'd !
Who rais'd huge walls to guard a few jonquils,
Pent up from flow'ry meads and verdant hills !
Disdaining Nature in her richest dress,
'Till tortur'd into Gothic littleness !

Yet here those ancestors, a virtuous train,
In health contented, dwelt thro' many a reign.
Each country-seat was then a well-stor'd farm,
Which knew no beauties but in snug and warm.
Pleas'd, round their barns they heard their oxen low,
And the same steeds could draw the coach and plough.
Strangers to form, their neighbour was their guest,
And mirth and rural plenty made the feast.
Nor Hyson yet, nor Gallic wines were known ;
Nor deem'd polite the annual jaunt to town.
Whole summers thus and chearful winters past,
They liv'd thrice-happy, in their *want* of Taste.

1740.

On

On Mrs. C——'s Villa at Hampstead, 1760.

S'TRANGER, approach ! prepar'd to see
A palace in epitome.

A rural Queen, in this retreat,
Has fix'd her airy summer's seat :
Mid' grottoes, lawns, and blooming trees,
She here enjoys the balmy breeze ;
And hence with calm contempt looks down
On the tumultuous joys of town.

The villa, splendid, tho' not great,
With ev'ry work of art replete,
Presents to view on ev'ry side
The spoils of oriental pride :
All that rich China's marts display,
Grotesque in shape, in colours gay :
Enamel'd jars, or painted skreens,
Fat idols, pagods, mandarines !

But chiefly here regales your eyes
Whate'er the Flemish school supplies,
Of landscapes rare, with labour'd skill,
By Barchem, Brughel, or Paul Brill ;—

Names

Names which the Connoisseur reveres,
 Tho' harsh to nice poetic ears.
 Yet, what we prize above all these,
 Behold the feat of health and ease !
 Of pleasures pure, that never cloy ;
 Of social and domestic joy !
 Or, what in courts is very rare,
 Behold a chearful — happy pair !

On an elegant Villa near Bath.

THE vap'rish Fair, whose chariots roll
 On Avon's bank, with each pert Miss,
 Struck with the sight, cry, " Bless my soul !
 " Whose charming *little* place is this ? "

Thus, view'd without, you deem this pile
 A *little* box or cottage neat ;
 But enter in, you change your style ;
 There all is splendid—all is *great* !

On

On some exquisite Needlework, by Mrs. B——

Sen pingebat acu, scires a Pallade doctam. OVID. Met.

TO good Queen Anne's from great Eliza's days,
 Each British Fair made housewif'ry her praise.
 Daily she ply'd the needle or the loom,
 Gave animals their form or flow'rs their bloom.
 In every mansion stately beds were seen,
 The fabled hangings or historic screen:
 Her mother's works each nymph with pride survey'd,
 And equal skill successive nymphs display'd.
 Pallas on well-meant toils vouchsaf'd to smile,
 And virtuous industry adorn'd our Isle.

But ah! how fall'n! what revolutions strange
 Virtue now saw, and wept th' inglorious change:
 Her vot'ries Pallas view'd with indignation,
 In folly sunk, and endless dissipation.
 Illicit joys each female heart engage;
 Routs, cards, intrigues—the bus'ness of the age.

Provok'd she flew to Taunton's distant vale,
 Where myrtles bloom, and flow'rs their sweets exhale:

There fought in Hestercomb's Arcadian groves,
Amidst her falling rills, where B—f—d roves ;
And thus, in wrath, address'd her fav'rite dame :

“ Here, take my needle and this ivory frame ;
“ I'll quit this barb'rous Isle, and wing my flight
“ To happier coasts and regions more polite ;
“ To Russia's snows—or the Atlantic shore ;
“ My works shall grace Britannia's nymphs no more,
“ Save what the poor mechanic's labour yields
“ Amidst th' industrious looms of Spittal-fields.”

She spoke ; her web resign'd ; th' astonish'd Fair
Saw her blest guardian vanish thro' the air.——

Thenceforth Minerva's web fair B——d plies,
And blends with skill divine the silken dies.
Her lights and shades in nice gradation joins,
'Till in full strength each breathing figure shines.
Her glowing tints surpass the pencil's art,
And to her works such life and grace impart,
You'd swear, again the rival artists strove,
And Pallas' self this radiant texture wove.

On

On a Storm,

Painted by C. W. B—mpf—d, Esq.

WH A T pow'r divine the Limner's art displays !
What various scenes his plastic touch can raise !

Beneath his magic wand fair prospects rise,
The sunshine gilds, or tempests cloud the skies.

Methinks I hear tremendous thunders roar,
And awful roll along the echoing shore.

For see ! th' embattled clouds tumultuous clash ;
Whilst the dread light'ning's momentary flash
Darts o'er the mountain's brow th' electric rays,

And on its crest the kindling sulphur plays.

Th' affrighted hind, who guides his loaded car,
Beholds, amidst the elemental war,

Tho' tam'd by daily toil, the lab'ring horse
With terror wild resume his native force.

He starts ; he rears : impatient of controul,

He shakes his mane ; his flashing eye-balls roll !

Prone to the earth, in cumbrous traces bound,

His yoke-mate falls, and flound'ring paws the ground.

The

The lofty ash, that on the mountain's sides
The tim'rous herds beneath its umbrage hides ;
Its branches torn, convuls'd its trembling roots,
Scare from their shelter the astonish'd goats.

The driving skiff, of winds and waves the sport,
Attempts, yet dreads to reach, the dang'rous port ;
Whose tow'rs, that brav'd the storms for ages past,
Seem now to nod at each tempestuous blast ;
Or sink amidst th' accumulated waves,
Whose giant force the castle's summit laves.

Thus, by the painter's skill, we view serene,
From danger free, the horrors of the scene.

In B—mpf—d's pencil we delighted trace
Salvator's wildness, but with heighten'd grace :
Hence rocks and waves a pleasing landskip form ;
We're charm'd with whirlwinds, and enjoy the storm.

To J. T—yl—r, Esq; at Bath ;

On his admirable Landskips.

SUCH are the scenes, thro' which gay Fancy roves
In airy dreams ; and such th' enchanted groves
Which sacred Poets feign, the blest abodes
Of fawns and dryads, nymphs and demi-gods,

Landskip had long with curious search explor'd
Each charm that Art, or Nature's views afford,
To grace her works : hills, rocks, and sylvan bow'rs,
Flocks, herds, or rural cots ; or distant tow'rs,
Or Gothic piles amidst the tufted woods ;
Cascades, wild cataracts, and crystal floods.

Their charms exhausted, T—yl—r sigh'd to find
Unfill'd the vast idea in his mind ;
Then search'd imagination's teeming cell,
Where yet unform'd ten thousand wonders dwell.
There the sublime, the beautiful, the great,
At Fancy's call in bright assemblage meet.
Drawn thence we view with pleasure and surprise
Fresh objects with celestial splendor rise :

Whilst Taste and Spirit animate the whole,
And with their pow'rful charms transport the soul.
From Nature, Art, and Fancy's richest store,
Thus T—yl—r forms a style—unknown before.

10 Oct. 1770.

On Mr. Gainsborough ;

Equally excellent in Landkip and Portraits.

DRAWN by the magic power of light and shade,
To Gainsborough's skill be this slight tribute paid.
To charm the soul with equal force conspire
The Painter's genius and the Poet's fire.

When Milton sings of Angels bold in fight,
Or blooming Cherubs half-dissolv'd in light ;
Or leads his Eve to Adam's longing arms,
In all the lustre of primæval charms :
Fir'd with the song, thro' Eden's blissful groves,
With the first pair th' enraptur'd fancy roves.
'Midst crystal founts or amaranthine bow'rs,
Ambrosial fruits, and ever-blooming flowers,
We trace each step by various passions tost,
And quit with tears the *Paradise* they lost.

Like that blest pair, by Gainfb'rough's pencil drawn,
Here each fond couple * treads the flow'ry lawn ;
Or sun-burnt heroes shine in mimic arms,
Or beauties glow in never-fading charms.
Each eye the animated features strike ;
Even lovers pleas'd, confess the portrait like.

But when the landskips various charms we trace,
Where Nature's self appears with heighten'd grace ;
There sylvan scenes present the opening glade,
Th' enamel'd lawn or cool sequester'd shade ;
The ruddy dawn there gilds the distant tow'r ;
There the smooth lake reflects the purple flow'r.
In silent wonder fix'd, with joy serene,
The mind surveys th' imaginary scene ;
And owns the pleasing cheat so well sustain'd ;
Each landskip seems a *Paradise regain'd*.

* Several gentlemen and ladies drawn in that taste.

On another Limner at Bath.

An Expostulation.

“ SAY, thou that deign’st in panegyric lays,
 “ And rapturous notes the graphic Art to praise,
 “ Why shares not Hoar thy tributary strain !”
 (Methinks I hear Italia’s self complain)
 “ Whose glowing tints, with every grace replete,
 “ Still add fresh lustre to the fair and great ?
 “ Whose pencil Pitt and Pelham have approv’d ;
 “ Nay, Pope has dignified, and Allen lov’d ?”
 Thy censure’s just.—To praise the Artist’s hand,
 Might Pope himself or Dryden’s Muse demand.
 Yet, sure, to celebrate a single Art,
 Where ev’ry lib’ral Science claims a part :
 To praise the Limner, where we might commend
 The worthy man, the scholar or the friend :
 Such panegyric might a satire prove ;
 Praise may be spar’d, where we esteem and love.

On the Bishop of Cloyne's * Siris. 1744.

LO! ev'ry subject Berkleyt reats
 With elegance and ease;
 Tar breathes forth aromatic sweets,
 And metaphysics please.

Tho' humbly first the sage explores
 The virtues of the pine,
 To loftiest themes he gently soars,
 Physician and Divine!

Hera batter'd rakes for taint or gout
 A sure balsamic find;
 Here Sophs may learn what Plato thought
 Of the eternal Mind.

Henceforth let none the lawn decry,
 If Berkley's pious care
 Teach wits to own a Trinity,
 And beaux to relish Tar.

* Or chain of arguments—in which, from investigating the subtle fire, to which the virtues of Tar are ascribed, the Bishop ascends to the Platonic notion of the Supreme Being—Mind—and vivifying Spirit, &c.

The

The Christian Heroes.

WHAT time th' unbounded licence of the press,
 Or zeal for Truth, indulg'd to an excess,
 Had rous'd each hardy Wit, with frantic rage,
Against the Truth unnat'ral war to wage;
 Toland * and Tyndal †, with their desp'rate crew,
 Forth to the field their miscreant legions drew.
 The impious Wolston ‡ join'd th' apostate clan,
 And Mandeville §, abhor'd by God and man.
 By force or fraud they strove to gain their ends;
 Some arm'd as foes, and some disguis'd as friends.
 In reas'ning weak, in self-opinion strong,
 Tho' oft repuls'd, the war they still prolong.
 Their scatter'd pow'rs then B-lingbroke unites;
 The champion of the cause, their battles fights;

* He wrote "Christianity not mysterious," Amyntor, &c.

† "Christianity as old as the creation."

‡ Ridiculed the miracles of Christ.

§ Ridiculed moral virtue.

And proudly, like Goliah too in * fize,

“ The armies of the living God † defies.”

Yet many a champion for the truth arose,

Who reason's power to sophistry oppose.

First Locke and Jenkins, learned chiefs, appear ;

And Bentley hurls with force his classic spear.

To guard the truth next Clarke his forces bends,

Whilst demonstration every step attends.

See ! Conybear his logic weapons wield ;

And honest Leland lifts his seven-fold shield !

Yet still each Hydra-head lopt off revives ;

Beneath each stroke the mangled carcase thrives,

Alike with genius and with learning blest,

In polish'd arms distinguish'd from the rest,

At length th' illustrious W—burton arose,

And turn'd their own ‡ artillery on his foes.

With equal force and skill maintain'd the fight,

And drag'd each skulking sophist § into light.

* Five vols 4to.

† Denies his moral attributes.

‡ The omission of a future state—the high antiquity of Egypt.

§ Mandeville, Morgan, &c.

From rank to rank with active zeal he flew,
And each decisive stroke a * sceptic flew.

Whilst others with inferior skill dispense
Some partial weapons for the Truth's defence :
His works a magazine of arms supply ;
The Christian chief's celestial † *panoply* :
Of " heavenly proof " this shield the bolts of hell
And all its fiery javelins shall repell.
Error no more shall bear the dazzling light ;
But fly for ever to the realms of night.

Tho' sceptics bold or bigots blind assail,
Their ineffectual efforts still shall fail,
And Truth, in native charms, at length prevail.

}

* Though every one is not a judge of the Bishop's whole scheme, every one must own that he has refuted the Sceptics and Infidels, with equal force and conciseness.

† Alluding to the armour of Achilles and Æneas.

On

On Sir William Blackstone's Commentaries
on the Laws of England.

CÆSAR of old in Commentaries wrote,
Battles with *lawless* French barbarians fought.
In Blackstone's Commentaries are contain'd
Conquests o'er rude barbarian *law-French* gain'd :
Yet diff'rent fates their future lives have found,
See one assaffin'd ! one with honours crown'd !
The old Dictator, in ambition's cause,
Fell a just victim to the injur'd laws.
Blackstone, whose works our rugged laws explain,
Will here *perpetual dictator* reign.

On two honoured Friends.

Nisi utile est quod facimus, stulta est gloria. PHÆD.

TWO honour'd Friends my life can boast :
Which should I love or value most ?

Each blest with taste and shining parts ;

Each learned, and each vers'd in arts.

Sh—nstone, retir'd, his Muse enjoy'd ;

Bl—kstone, more usefully employ'd,

His genius and his toils we find

A public blessing to mankind.

Hence one, tho' lov'd, dies unregarded ;

His Muse with fame alone rewarded.

The other, by the justest claim,

Lives, crown'd with honour, wealth, and fame.

To

To William Melmoth, Esq;

On his Translation of Pliny.

THO' justly rank'd the Classic wits among,
Great Pliny charms us in his native tongue :
Tho' sense and candour breathe thro' ev'ry page—
His language hardly speaks th' Augustan age.
Like Tully good, yet Critics still require
The nameless charm which Tully's friends admire :
And taught by Melmoth, pedants must confess,
He shines more perfect in his English dress.

Henceforth, when men of taste shall chance to name
Each British Author of distinguish'd fame ;
Amongst *our* Classics Pliny shall be one,
High in the list—with Swift and Addison.

On

On Tully's Head, in Pall-Mall.

To Mr. Robert Doddsley *, 1756.

WHERE Tully's bust and honour'd name
Point out the well-wrought page,
There Doddsley consecrates to fame
The Classics of his age.

In vain the Poets from their mine
Extract the shining mafs,
'Till Doddsley's mint has stamp'd the coin
And bid the sterling pass.

Yet he, I ween, in Cæsar's days
A nobler fate had found :
Doddsley himself with verdant bays
Had been by Cæsar crown'd.

His bust near Tully's had been plac'd,
Himself a Classic bard ;
His works Apollo's temple grac'd,
And met their just reward.

* Author of Cleone, Fables, &c.

But

But still, my friend, be virtue, sense,
 And competence thy share !
 And think each boon, that courts dispense,
 Beneath a Poet's care.

Persist to grace this humbler post ;
 Be Tully's head the sign :
 'Till future Booksellers shall boast
 To vend their tomes at thine.

A Character of Roscius : From Cicero.

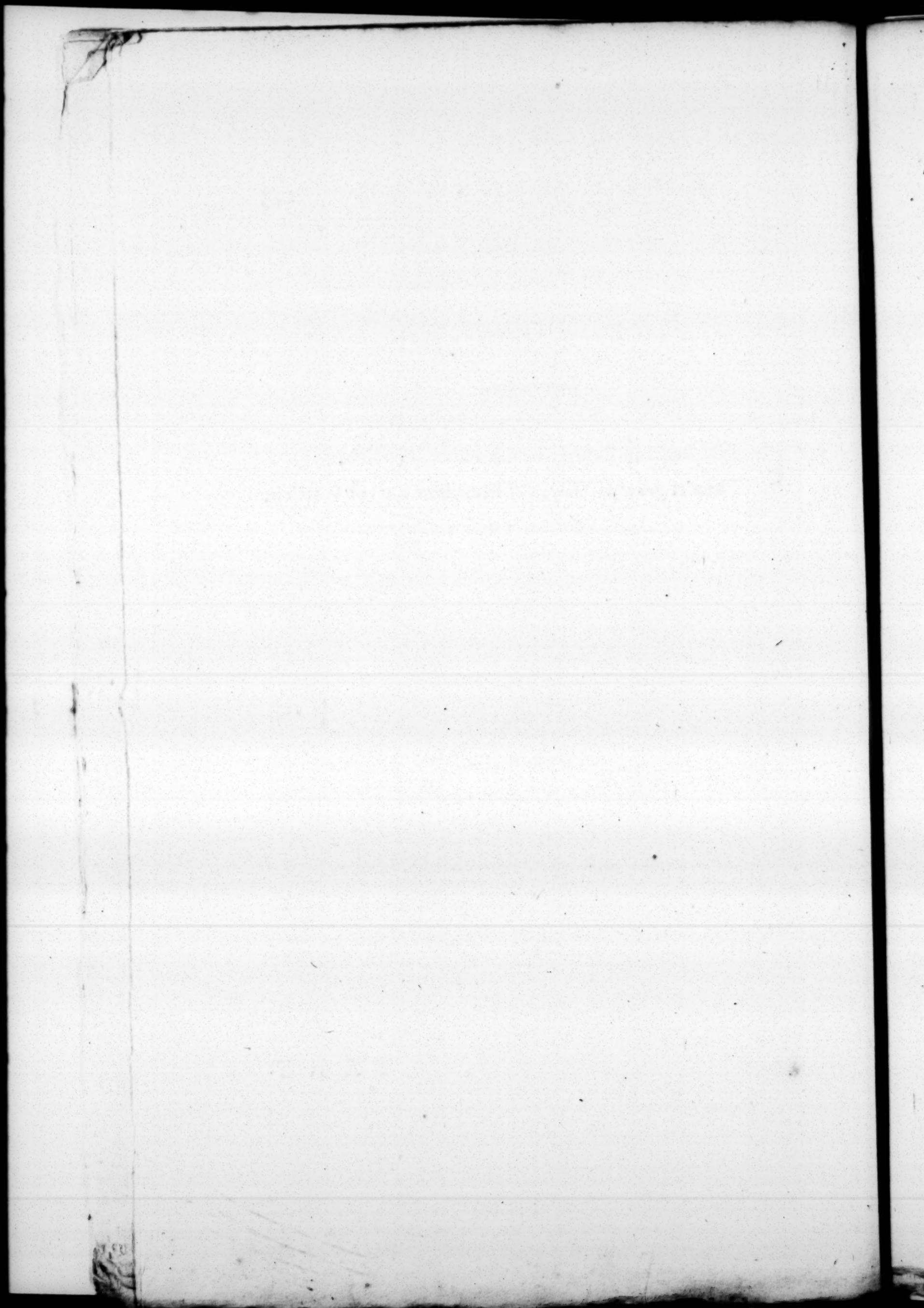
ROSCIUS, with ev'ry shining talent born,
 Such art, and such dramatic powers adorn ;
 He seems alone the Genius of the age,
 Form'd to advance the glory of the Stage.
 Yet such strict virtue, with such decent care,
 His conduct regulates, that all declare
 (So far his morals our respect engage)
 That he alone—ought *not* to tread the stage.

To David G-rr-ck, Esq.

Impromptu.

TH O' small in stature, in thy action, G-rrick,
Thou'rt *great* as Guy, th' illustrious Earl of War'ick.

PART



PART IV.

PARAPHRASTIC.

TO

DANIEL M-LTHUS, Esq.

Vol. I.

L

P A R A P H R A S E
P A R T I V

P A R A P H R A S E

And give a life to conversation,
Is order the ambitious youth
Seem'd to confine himself to truth.

The Traveller

From Ode

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1. 2

401. 1

P A R T IV.

P A R A P H R A S T I C.

Fables, Epigrams, &c. imitated chiefly from the
Greek and Latin Poets.

The Traveller.

From *Æsop*.

A Grecian youth, in days of yore,
Had just perform'd the usual tour :
A coxcomb of undaunted spirit,
Some real, but more *fancied* merit.
For, to embellish his narration,
And give a life to conversation,
In trifles the ambitious youth
Scorn'd to confine himself to truth.

L 2

In

In all his travels, *he had* been
 Th' important actor in each scene :
 Perform'd such things as I or you
 Should startle at ; yet *might* be true.

“ At Rhodes,” says he, “ a leap I made,
 “ Which foil'd those *masters* * of the trade :
 “ A leap ! which none presum'd to follow ;
 “ It beat—their fam'd Alcander hollow :
 “ The thing was never done before—
 “ 'Twas *full* nine yards—or something more.”

The company began to stare ;
 Our Traveller of course to swear ;
 And offer'd to bring folks from thence
 (If they would be at the expence)
 Who should on oath *attest* the fame ;
 And vindicate his honest fame.

Truce with thy oaths and protestations,
 Thy violent asseverations !
 To bring the matter to an end,
 (Replies a plain sagacious friend)
 We'll not require such hard conditions
 As witness and depositions ;

* The Rhodians, famous for their athletic exercises.

But

But to thy *word* will credit yield—
Only step down to yonder field,
And there again perform the feat!
And, what thou didst at Rhodes—*repeat*.

The Traveller, dubious of th' event,
Thought fit to drop th' experiment:
Nay; conscious he was somewhat wrong,
Even blush'd for once, and held his tongue.

The Wolf and the Lamb.

From *Phædrus*. B. I. Fab. 1.

A Wolf and Lamb, one sultry day,
To the same meadow chanc'd to stray:
By thirst constrain'd they sought the rill
That issued from a neighb'ring hill.
The Wolf stood near the fountain's head;
The Lamb far distant down the mead.
Isgrim, who dearly lov'd disputes,
With fell intent the Lamb salutes:
“ You, Sir, stand off! you tread the brink in,
“ And mud the stream so, there's no drinking!”

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 Th' important actor in each scene :
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 With fell intent the Lamb salutes:
 "You, Sir, stand off! you tread the brink in,
 "And mud the stream so, there's no drinking!"

The harmless Lamb with much surprise
Looks up, and trembling thus replies :

“ I can’t conceive how that can be, Sir ;

“ The stream runs down from you to me, Sir !”

“ You can’t conceive ! Come, don’t be fancy ;

“ I’ll let you know, Sir, what the laws say.—

“ Besides, you mutter’d so and so,

“ Behind my back, six months ago.”

“ Upon my word, Sir, you mistake :

“ (But don’t be angry, for Heaven’s sake)

“ I never could have *such* intention :

“ Nor was I *born*, the time you mention.”

The Wolf, by force of truth repell’d,
With shame and anger foam’d and swell’d ;

“ It was your Father then,” cries he !

“ And that you know ’s the same to me.”

He said, and seiz’d the helpless victim,
And to the bones the tyrant pick’d him.

The

The Wolf, the Fox, and the Ape,

Pbæd. B. I. Fab. 10.

HE that with lies his honour stains,
When he speaks truth, no credit gains.

A Wolf, the terror of the flocks,
Of thievery accus'd the Fox.
Reynard, renown'd for tricks and lies,
With confidence the fact denies.
Each makes a plausible oration ;
Insisting much on reputation :
On Reynard's guilt the Wolf at large
Harangues ; the Fox eludes the charge.

An Ape, deep-read in forest laws,
Is Judge ; and thus decides the cause.
“ You're both such rogues, I hardly think
“ That Isgrim here has lost his chink.
“ And yet I guess, upon the whole,
“ That you, my friend Sir Reynard, stole
“ (For Foxes, some folks say, *will* lie)
“ What you so speciously deny.”

This sentence yielded no small sport ;
And thus the Ape dismiss'd the court.

The Wolf and the Mastiff.

Phæd. B. III. Fab. 7.

A Wolf, that long had rang'd the wood,
A stranger to the taste of food,

Meets an old house-dog, sleek and fat ;
Each known to each, they stop and chat.

“ Lord !” says the Wolf, “ how fat you're grown !

“ Is that round belly all your own ?

“ Pray, how d'you live, and what d'you eat ?

“ I wish you'd give me your receipt :

“ For, not to under-rate your merit,

“ I think, my friend, I don't want spirit

“ T' attack the foe, by day or night,

“ And yet you see my wretched plight.”

“ Why,” quoth the Dog, with conscious air,

“ My place requires a world of care.

“ If you desire to serve the great,

“ 'Faith ! you must work, as well as eat.

“ Preferments are not given for nought ;

“ But by some useful *service* bought.”

W. “ What

W. "What service then would be expected ?

"No honest terms should be rejected."

D. "Why, you must guard the doors by night ;

"Bark at the thieves ; the beggars fright."—

W. "Oh ! I should bless the happy change :

"Who'd wish thro' rain and snow to range,

"That snug and warm could take his pleasure,

"And fill his belly at his leisure ?

"Well, then," quoth Snap, "since we're agreed,

"Let us with gentle trot proceed."

When lo ! the Wolf's too curious eye

Chanc'd the poor Mastiff's neck to spy,

Gall'd with a chain beneath the ear :

"Aha !" cries he, "what have we here ?"—

"Nothing," says Snap, and turn'd aside—

"Nay, let's know all," the Wolf reply'd.

"Why, as I'm pretty fierce, you know,

"They chain me up by day—or so :

"(My Master's whim : I can't refuse it ;

"There's nothing in't—indeed I *choose* it :) !

"For as I'm useless, while 'tis light,

"I sleep by day, and watch by night :

"When night comes on, my chain's unbound,

"And thus I rove the country round.

" As for my meat, I'm well supply'd
 " At table by my Master's side :
 " The servants toss me bones half-pick'd ;
 " And oh ! what plates of sauce I've lick'd !
 " But come ;—what now ? you lag behind—"
 W. " Why, faith, I think, I've chang'd my mind ;
 " I don't *much* like that curfed chain :
 " I'll e'en go range the woods again :—
 " Enjoy your scraps ; for I'd not be
 " A King without my liberty."

Imitated.

From *Martial*. B. I. Ep. 56.

To W. D. junior, Esq.

IF Politics will give you time
 To listen to a man of rhyme,
 Young Senator, oh ! condescend
 To hear the wishes of your friend.

Give me, ye Gods, a snug retreat ;
 On my own land a little seat :

Where

Where I may live in health and ease,
And — be a *sloven* • if I please;
And undisturb'd by weightier cares,
Calmly pursue my small affairs.

For, say, what mortal in his senses
Would bear the curst town expences;
To wait some great man's distant call,
Stand shivering in his marble-hall?
Or join each day the cringing bevy
Of sycophants that haunt his levee;
Who freely, with his dog and gun,
Thro' his own woods and meads can run;
And fill his hawking-bag with game;
(And every day can do the same)
Or see the trout, so fresh and fine,
Dance pendant from his trembling line?

Then from his earthen jar can spread
The golden honey on his bread;
Whilst Thestylis prepares to dress
His little, wholesome, unbought mess
(Spreading a clean, tho' home-spun cloth)
Of fowl, or eggs, or savoury broth.

• *Sordida otia.*

May

May this blest life ne'er be his fate
 Who loves me not—or whom I hate :
 But let him, in the full enjoyment
 Of every rascally employment,
 In * powder'd wig and plaited shirt,
 Grow old in noise—and smoke—and dirt !

Book II. Ep. 5.

WITH you, dear Tom, I'd often spend the day,
 And laugh, and chat, and trifle life away.
 But ten long miles, you know, divide us twain :
 Those ten make twenty, measur'd back again.
 Then o'er the Downs with patience should I come,
 You're always out ; —or, if you are at home,
 You're busy ; or wrapt up in rhyme and metre,
 Or with your child,—that *entertaining* creature !
 In short, to *see* my friend ten miles I'd go :
 But twenty *not* to see you—'ll never do.

* *Albus in officiis.*

On a spunging Fellow.

B. II. Ep. 11.

WHENCE comes it, that old Frank we see
Haunting the Mall, thus, after three?

What means that slow and solemn pace,

That cloudy look and rueful face?

Why starts he thus, and smites his breast,

Like one with secret grief oppress?

Prone to the earth his drooping head!

Why, sure, his wife or child is dead.

No, Sir; for aught that I can tell,

Frank's wife and children all are well.

And Heaven vouchsafe their lives to spare!

For lovely boys and girls they are;

As like old Frank as they can stare.

His money's out in proper hands,

Or well secur'd, on mortgag'd lands.

Nor loss of interest or of rent,

By bankruptcies, does Frank lament—

Whence is this grief then, prythee, say?

Why, Sir, Frank dines at home to-day.

Advice

Advice to a Country Parson, in the Manner
of Swift.

B. II. Ep. 53.

PARSON ! 'tis false ; I'll ne'er believe
With liberty you *wish* to live :

You hug your chains, and cut your jokes
On us poor independent folks.—

But would you then indeed be free ?

Come, I'll prescribe—without a fee.

First then 'tis plain you love to eat ;
And haunt the tables of the great.

You shun the man and think him poor,
That cannot give you “four and four.”

Indeed, my friend, this must not be ;

A parasite can ne'er be free.

Next, Doctor, you must drink no wine.—

P. Why so ? Saint Paul, that great Divine,

Says, “drink a little”—F. That's not the question :

You can't afford it. P. But for digestion—

F. A glass of Cyder or old Mead,

Or even mild Ale may do the deed.

Then you're a Captain in your dress ;
A good black frize would cost you less,
And look more venerable too,
Than that grey cloth—which I call blue.
Talk what you please, you'll ne'er be free,
If you despise œconomy.

Perhaps too, you may think a wife
Amongst the requisites of life.
Why take some healthy farmer's daughter,
Some Blowfelind—nay spare your laughter—
She'll mend your shirts ; inspect your brewing ;
A Lady, Sir, would be your ruin.

Your Parsonage-house, I own, is mean :
But see that fragrant jessamine !
See ! how that woodbine round the door
And lattice blooms !—what would you more ?

Oh ! Doctor, could you but despise
Life's pompous superfluities ;
Could you but learn to live content
With what indulgent Heaven has sent ;
Whate'er your lot, you'd live more free
Than any Prince—in Germany.

The Impertinent Poet*.

B. III. Ep. 44.

YOU often wonder, what the Devil
 Can make the Town so damn'd uncivil;—
 With what indifference they treat you!
 There's not a soul that cares to meet you.
 Where'er you come, what consternation!
 What universal desolation!—
 But for the cause—why, must you know it?
 I'll tell you; you're too great a Poet.
 And that's a thing true *Britons* fear,
 More than a tyger, or a bear.
 Your *Man of Sense*, of all God's curses,
 Dreads nothing like *repeating* verses,—
 And really, *Tom*, you're past all bearing;
 You'd tire a *Dutchman* out, with hearing.
 One must submit; there's no contending—
 You keep one sitting; keep one standing—
 Got loose, with more than decent speed
 I trudge away—yet you proceed—

* Printed in Fielding's *Champion*, 1743.

Go

Go where one will, there's no retreat ;
 You're at it still, *repeat, repeat.*
 I fly to * *Nando's* ;—you are there,
 Still *thundering Distichs* in one's ear :
 Thence to the Park—yet you're as bad—
 The Ladies think you drunk or mad.
 But come ; 'tis late ; at three we dine—
 You stop one with *A charming line* !
 Now down we sit—but lo ! repeating
 Is greater joy to you than eating.
 Quite tir'd, I nod, and try to dose—
 In vain—you've murder'd all repose—
 But prithee, *Tam*, repent in time ;
 You see the sad effects of rhyme,
 (And check this humour if you can)
 That such an honest, worthy man,
 With so much sense, and such good-nature,
 Shou'd be so *terrible* a creature †.

* Coffee-house, near Temple-bar.

† *Vir justus, probus, innocens—tuneris.*

Love and Respect.

B. II. Ep. 55.

YES; I submit, my Lord: you've gain'd your end;
I'm now your slave, that would have been your friend,
I'll bow; I'll cringe; be supple as your glove:
Respect, adore you—ev'ry thing but love.

Esuritor Tuccius.

B. III. Ep. 14.

A Yorkshire 'squire, an Epicure well known;
Set forth to spend his winter months in Town;
But heard the devilish price of beef and pork;
Stop'd short at Highgate, and return'd to York.

Emacity.

B. VII. Ep. 97.

WHERE'ER a bargain's to be had,
Whilst Dick buys pictures good and bad;
He finds at length his money fail,
And of his bargains makes a sale.

B. VII.

B. VIII. Ep. 19.

HAL says he's poor, in hopes you'll say he's not ;
But take his word for't, Hal's not worth a groat.

Imitated.

YOUR soup you call—and really 'tis—plain pottage:
Your house a cottage call, and 'tis a cottage.

To an affected old Lady.

YOU say you're old, in hopes we'll say you're young ;
But 'tis your face we credit, not your tongue.

To the Same.

B. I. Ep. 101.

THO' Papa and Mamma, my dear,
So prettily you call ;

Yet you methinks yourself appear
The Grand-mamma of all.

Unmerited Scandal.

B. I. Ep. 29.—literally translated.

OF *last night's* wine you say Acerra stinks :
'Tis false ; till *morning* still Acerra drinks.

B. I. Ep. 47.

CELSUS, who late, tho' void of skill,
Profess'd the healing art ;

Now acts, in league with Pluto still,

The Undertaker's part.

The Doctor's practice, tending more

To slaughter, than to save,

Is now the same, as 'twas before,

To send folks to their grave.

From the Greek of Nicarchus.

CELSUS nor gave me purge nor clyster,

Nor felt my pulse, nor order'd blister ;

But being ill, I chanc'd to hear

The Doctor's name—and died for fear.

On

On a bad Singer. From Lucilius.

WHEN screech-owls scream, their note portends
To frighted mortals death of friends :
But when Corvino strains his throat,
Even screech-owls sicken at the note.

A pilfering Quack.

From Callicerus.

CELSUS takes off by dint of skill

Each bodily disaster :

But takes off spoons—without a pill ;

Your plate—without a plaister.

From Callias of Argos.

A Brute thou art at best ; but mad with wine,
The rage of tygers is less fierce than thine.

Wine but displays the baseness of thy heart ;

Not makes thee bad—but shews thee as thou art.

On

M 3

From

PARAPHRASTIC.

From Lucilius.

AS Pedro stalk'd around his house,
The jealous Miser spied a mouse :

"How now," cries he, "what dost thou here?"

"Sir," says the Mouse, "dismiss your fear :

"We come not with the hopes of food

"Amidst this dreary solitude ;

"Nor care how well your larder's stor'd—

"We came to lodge—and not to board."

From Owen's Epigrams.

THE Doctor lives by sporting with our lives :
And, by our follies fed, the Lawyer thrives.

Solon's Cure for Grief.

HIS lot bewailing with unmanly tears,
A friend, by this device, wise Solon cheers :
He leads him up to Athens' utmost height,
And, "From this tower," says he, "direct your sight
"On all the numerous buildings there below ;
"And now reflect, what various scenes of woe,

PARAPHRASTIC.

167

“ Beneath those roofs each mortal, more or less,
 “ Have long, do now, and ever will oppress.
 “ Then learn, my friend, with decency to bear
 “ Those common ills, which all mankind must share.”

From the Greek. Anonymous.

IN youth, by cheerless Poverty oppress'd;
 By Fortune's flattering smiles in age care's'd;
 I sure was doom'd of all mankind alone
 To live, to all the joys of life unknown.
 Without the means, when young and blest with health;
 When past enjoyment, tantaliz'd with wealth.

From Julian.

FOR wealth, ye thieves, some Nabob's house explore;
 Whilst Poverty, best guard! defends my door.

From Callimachus.

WITH fac'd Dambles blest, here Saon lies;
 For think not, reader, that the good man dies.

From

M 4

From Anacreon.

AN hero bold in war here finds a grave:
For Mars the coward spares—and smites the brave.

From Martial.

B. I. Ep. 14.

THUS to her much-lov'd virtuous lord,
With tender grief oppress,

Chaste Arria said, and gave the sword

Drawn reeking from her breast:

"Believe me, Pætus, void of pain

"*I've* found the pointed steel:

"But ah! the wound which *you'll* sustain,

"*That* wound I doubly feel."

Vulcan Mistaken.

From the Latin of Christopher Anstey, Esq; on the Marriage of the Princess of Brunswick.

WHEN Vulcan saw the fair Augusta led

In all her charms to Brunswick's bridal bed,

"My nets prepare!" (the jealous artist cries)

"Again I'll make the God of War my prize."

Ah!

Ah ! check thy rage ; nor violate those loves
Which Hymen ratifies and Jove approves—
Nor Mars nor Venus, deem this royal pair :
Lest brave was Mars—nor Venus half so fair.

On Henrietta de Coligny.

From the Latin of Bouhours.

O ! say, what goddess glitters o'er the green ?
Juno, Minerva, or the Cyprian Queen ?
Her rank bespeaks the stately wife of Jove ;
Pallas her wit ; her eyes the Queen of Love.

The Rival Beauties.

From Rufinus.

THREE lovely Nymphs, contending for the prize,
Display'd their charms before my critic eyes.
Superior beauties heighten'd every grace,
And seem'd to mark them of celestial race :
But I, who, blest'd like Paris, fear'd his fall,
Swore each a Venus was—and pleas'd them all.

From

From the Greek.

Literally translated.

OF Love and Bacchus nerve-relaxing,
Too frequently, no doubt,
Is born that nerve-relaxing offspring,
The toe-tormenting Gout.

The Prayer of a wise Heathen.

"**G**REAT Jove! this one petition grant:
" (Thou knowest best, what mortals want.)
" Ask'd or unask'd, what's good supply:
" What's evil—to our prayers deny."

An Altar to Vanity.

Imitated from the Greek of Meleager the Anthologist.

WHERE Cotswold's verdant hills, for flocks renown'd,
Join E'sham's vale, by smiling Ceres crown'd;
And many a village fair the traveller sees
Lift its sharp spire amidst the tufted trees;

A scribbling

A scribbling wight, like Cassius thin and spare,
Sobrius y-clep'd, first drew the vital air.

His ancestors, from Charles's hapless reign,
As petty lords, possess'd a small domain.

On Isis' banks, where Chichley's turrets rise,
(Long fam'd for arts, for sages learn'd and wise)

This humble Bard first learn'd to tune his lyre :

Tho' tame his Muse, and void of native fire,

She cheer'd his vacant hours ; and Heav'n has still

Form'd readers, suited to each grey-goose quill.

'Midst Cl—n woods, near Bath's salubrious springs,

He taught his flock what peace fair Virtue brings.

From Youth to Age **Love's Progress* he explain'd

And thoughtless Youth to † "*Love of Order*" train'd.

In quaint ‡ *Festoon* arrang'd each pointed strain ;

And Geoffry *Wildgoose* issued from his brain.

As those whom none regards yet boldly scrawl

Their names obscure with charcoal on the wall :

'Mongst Grubstreet Bards, thus studious of a name,

He gives himself this feeble lift to fame !

Whilst George and Charlotte on the Muses smile,

And Peace and Plenty bless the British Isle.

* Poems.

† Collection of Epigrams.

‡ *Spir. Quinte.*

On

On some Birds fed daily at the Window in an
hard Frost.

From the Latin of W. D. Esq.

TO pleasing chat now tea and toast give place:
When scatter'd crumbs invite the feather'd race.

For see! the lawn with snowy crystal shines,
And worms and grubs, their wonted food, confines.
His chearful note no more the Red-breast sings,
Whilst piercing air contracts his drooping wings:
Yet to the hospitable fash he flies,
And busily th' allotted forage plies;
Hops to and fro, a constant happy guest,
Nor fears to pick the fragments of the feast.

Yet wars ensue, whilst some oppressive wight
From weaker numbers claims exclusive right,
And hungry rivals urge the angry fight.

The wanton Sparrow seeks her amorous mate,
Who eager flies to share the genial treat.

See Delia pleas'd the exulting tribe caress,
And with soft hand th' elastic plumage press.
• All-daring hunger and heart-chilling cold
Thus tame the wild; thus make the coward bold.

• Παύλας ἀνέστη; Gr. Ep. "Imperiosa Fames."

An

An Ode.

Written at the Grand Chartreuse, in the Mountains of Dauphiné.

From the Latin of Mr. Gray.

THOU awful Genius of the place!

Whate'er thy name (for sure we trace

Amidst these mountains wild, and darksome woods,

These broken rocks, and dashing floods,

A Pow'r divine more visibly display'd,

Than if, beneath the Myrtle's shade,

Form'd by the Sculptor's dedal hand,

We saw enshrin'd the breathing image stand)

All hail! and hear a roving youth,

Who prays with undisssembled truth,

Within the dark Carthusian cell,

At peace, amidst these solemn scenes to dwell.

But if the Fates his youth exclude

From silence and from solitude,

Drawn back reluctant to the noise and strife,

The troubled waves of public life:

Yet,

Yet, let his ardent vows at length prevail :

And hid in some sequester'd dale,

Amidst cool shades and opening flow'rs,

Grant him to spend in age his penfive hours,

Safe from the base, malignant crowd,

The vain, the vulgar, and the loud :

There let the evening of his day

In ease and freedom gently glide away.

Yet let his ardent vows at length prevail
And bid in some seductress' dale
Amidst cool shades and opening bowers
Grant him to spend in age his penive hours
Safe from the pale, malignant crowd
The vain, the vulgar, and the loud
There let the evening of his day
In ease and freedom gently glide away.

PART V.

AMOROUS.

TO

WALTER-JAMES JAMES, Esq.

PART V

A M O R O S



TO

WALTER-JAMES JAMES, Esq.

PART V.
AMOROUS.

The Progress of Gallantry.

IN THREE CANTOS.



Domat Numidafq, Leones
ovm.

CANTO I.

FROWN not, fair Nymph, when you surprise
My daring, fascinated eyes,

Vol. I.

N

Fix'd

Fix'd on that face, which none can see,
And not with wonder gaze, like me.
O Julia! form'd to be admir'd;
Frown not, when, thus with rapture fir'd,
I catch the accents from your tongue;
Mellifluous as the Linnet's song:
Profanely languishing for charms,
Sacred to your lov'd Strephon's arms.

'Tis not a tribute to fine sense,
Tho' much those ruby lips dispense;
'Tis not the splendor which attends
And dignifies kind Fortune's friends;
Nor deference to your rank and station;
(Which sometimes bribes th' imagination)
No; 'tis your sex this homage claims:
'Tis Beauty still my breast inflames.

Tho', stealing on with silent pace,
The hand of Time has mark'd my face;
Tho' wrinkles imitate a frown,
And silver locks my temples crown;
Old as I'm grown, and long despair
Of smiles or favours from the Fair;
His gentle sway Love yet maintains,
Yet lingers in my stiffening veins.

Think

Think not in barbarous climes alone,
The genuine force of Love is known;
Where, unrestrain'd by fear or shame,
The nymphs and swains indulge the flame:
Through all the tribes of human kind,
(Tho' by more decent rules refin'd)
See Nature every breast inspire
With sparks of this celestial fire;
Which burns, with unremitting rage,
From earliest infancy to age;
Controuls us with coercive laws,
And sex to sex attractive draws!

When vernal suns now wake the flow'rs,
And, smiling, from her myrtle bow'rs,
Mild Zephyrus gay Flora leads,
And lambs are sporting in the meads:
Whilst the sweet Linnet and the Thrush
Warble their loves on every bush:
See! from the Nursery's gloomy fire,
In scarlet vest, the infant 'Squire
With sisters and their play-mates fair,
Ventures to breathe the balmy air.
By instinct led, he longs to rove
With some young Sylvia thro' the grove

N 2

Beneath

Beneath the laurel's darksome shade,
Eloping from th' attendant Maid,
(For Molly too is pensive grown,
Indulging wishes of her own,)
The little Pair close-nestling gets ;
Picks primroses and violets.
Like Dido and her Trojan Spark,
Fond to retire to grottoes dark ;
Or seated on the fragrant grass,
Our pigmy hero and his lass,
Are pleas'd, tho' yet they know not why,
With solitude and secrecy.
He longs from sympathizing Miss,
He longs—but fears to steal a kiss.
Each feels the new-born, latent fire,
Tho' blushes stifle young Desire.
Thus, early, Love soft hints imparts,
Thus flutters round e'en infant hearts.

When, now a School-boy tall become,
He spends the festive tide at home,
'Midst female Cousins, all the day,
He romps, or chats, or reads a play :
In visits helps to form the ring,
A staring, half-form'd, forward thing :

Attends them in their evening walk,
 With gambols gay or amorous talk.
 Catches each look, each artless smile;
 Or hands the Ladies o'er the stile.
 Officious, as a spaniel dog,
 Picks up a glove, or ties a clog,
 By Nature's self thus taught to try
 The various arts of Gallantry.

At Supper, oh! how blest his fate!
 He steals a tart from Sylvia's plate;
 Then brings her wine, or plays her cards,
 A touch, a look his toil rewards.

Whilst superficial folks admire
 Th' improvements of the youthful 'Squire,
 These little Gallantries but prove
 The secret force of dawning Love;
 Which, tho' it sometimes Coxcombs mak 3,
 Yet different forms the passion takes;
 The rugged temper it refines;
 Inspir'd by Love the Blockhead shines;
 The awkward learn to move with ease;
 And slovens, by their dress to please.

These triumphs of Love's sov'reign Queen,
 Let Cymon tell, and Iphigene*.

* Cymon and Iphigenia, in Dryden and Boccaccio.

C A N T O II.

BUT see ! mature the stripling grows ;
 His cheeks the bloom of youth disclose.
 The passions now their height attain,
 And Reason pleads *her* cause in vain.
 Now in his eye each female face
 Assumes inexplicable grace.
 Fair Beauty's charms new joys impart,
 And thrilling rapture swells his heart.
 Now dress and splendid equipage,
 The pomp of life ! his thoughts engage.
 Ridottos, Routs, Plays, brilliant Courts,
 Where'er the well-dress'd Nymph resorts ;
 At Bath and every public place,
 He shews his *fashionable* face.
 To dance, to fence, with graceful pride
 The snorting hunter to bestride ;
 Each feat, in youthful vigour warm,
 He learns, the female heart to charm.
 But, fix'd at length on some chaste Fair,
 Sole object of his tender care ;

To

To *her* each look, each thought inclines,
For *her* in solitude he pines :
The echoing hills and vocal grove,
Are witness to his plaintive Love.
Each smooth-rin'd beech may rue his flame,
Condemn'd to bear his Delia's name.
The pink and rose his breast adorn ;
Sweet emblems of her beauties worn !
Each ornament, his taste in dress,
Whate'er his fondness may express,
To please his Delia is directed :
And useful sciences neglected.
Tibullus, Petrarch, Waller's ease,
Those gentler Bards alone can please,
That felt, and in soft numbers strove
To paint the pleasing pangs of Love.

Yet should some rival Youth but share
A look from this distinguish'd Fair ;
Should jealousy but once suggest
He reigns not in his Delia's breast :
Should she presume to frown or chide,
His passion, like the stormy tide,
Raging, o'erflows cool Reason's bounds,
And all his sober sense confounds.

Some desperate resolution's taken ;
His books, his friends, his home forsaken ;
Actæon-like, when Dian' drove,
Wildly amidst his dogs to rove,
O'er woods and hills he frantic flies,
The fox, the hare in vengeance dies.
Orlando's self less havoc made ;
Prime hero ! in the murdering trade.

For this of old th' advent'rous Knight
Brav'd death in many an hardy fight.
In furious tilt display'd his Love,
In hopes his mistress might approve.
Or, by her frowns bereav'd of rest,
Or banish'd by her stern behest ;
Abandon'd wealth, and ease, and home,
Thro' woods and forests wild to roam :
Disdain'd to sleep on beds of down ;
In tedious absence bought renown ;
In distant climes new dangers fought ;
Fell monsters, dragons, giants fought :
With bruises, wounds, and blood delighted,
Yet thought his hardships well requited,
Might she his services regard,
And one kind look his toils reward.

Thus

Thus Strephon leaves his downy bed ;
Forth to the field the hunter's led ;
Ere Sol has thaw'd the crackling frost,
Hills, dales, and distant plains are crost ;
The fox unkennel'd leads the way ;
And thus through half " the live-long day"
He rides, as if some fury drove,
Fix'd in his side * the shafts of Love,
His Delia's favour to obtain,
And with her smiles relieve his pain.
Yet urg'd by wild caprice to range,
No change of place his love can change :
Ere noon impatient he returns,
For Delia's sight with ardour burns.
Then with ambitious hopes repeats
To Delia all his manly feats ;
For *her* his glass, his food neglected,
And every vulgar joy rejected :
His Delia's smile, or cruel frown,
Must fix his doom, or raptures crown.

* — " *Hæret lateri letbalis arundo.*"

VIRG.

C A N T O III.

AND here the paths of Love divide ;
 And blest the Mortals that decide
 (Not merely as dull Sophists preach)
 As Reason, Honour, Justice teach :
 Taught to prefer domestic bliss
 To the false harlot's venal kiss.
 For, on a mistress or a wife,
 Depends the happiness of life.

Let * Hogarth's pencil, † Hoadly's verse,
 The fate of lawless love rehearse,
 Paint the remorse, the scorpion-stings,
 That unrestrain'd indulgence brings :
 The Rake, when short-liv'd pleasures fail,
 Condemn'd to Bedlam or a Jail.

Would you be happy then ? Be wise ;
 The road thro' Hymen's temple lies ;
 In virtuous wedlock joys abound,
 Which Libertines have never found.
 If she, for whom your bosom burns,
 Your love with mutual warmth returns :

* Rake's Progress.

† Dodley's Miscellanies, Vol. 5.

Your

Your heart if not mere beauty warms,
But Sense and Virtue crown her charms ;
And Fortune too befriends the Fair,
(For Love can ill subsist on air)
Ah ! seize the prize, and live content,
You'll ne'er of this wise choice repent.

Yet Hymen's self, true source of joy,
Th' experienc'd know in time may cloy,
If not by prudent care directed,
If decent forms are once neglected.
Kind offices must now supply
The place of youth and novelty ;
Let *Gallantry* subsist thro' life,
And as a Lover court your Wife.

Let her in trifles have her will,
Yet reign her gentle Sovereign still ;
Should Fancy sometimes lead to roam,
Confine her not too much at home ;
Her Love tho' center'd all in you,
Her charms let all with freedom view.
With public shews she'll glut her eyes,
And soon the vain parade despise.
Forbidden pleasures are more sweet ;
But Honey cloy, too *freely* eat.

Nor

Nor yet disdain well-pleas'd to share
With her each soft domestic care ;
In you let her lov'd infants find
Like tendernefs with prudence join'd ;
That mutual fource of fond delight,
Your hearts more firmly will unite.
Each gloomy thought by you repress,
Be banish'd from her anxious breast,
Let books your vacant hours employ,
And make e'en Home a fcene of joy.

That time your fondnefs may renew,
In faireft light her actions view ;
Her virtues praise, her foibles hide,
And tho' ſhe's wrong—forbear to chide :
Her frailties ſhould your pity move,
And pity will augment your love.

Thus gliding down the ſtream of life,
Attended by a faithful wife,
You'll make age, ſicknefs, fortune's ſpite,
By mutual conſolation light.
A calm ſprings up from joys like theſe,
A life of happinefs and eaſe :
Lovers are mellow'd into Friends,
As Time the glaring colours blends.

Friendſhip

Friendship succeeds to fierce desire,
The warmth remains—tho' not the fire.

Since Nature then, for ends most wise,
This social principle supplies,
With which her offspring she has blest,
And deeply planted in each breast;
Since the first link in Love we trace,
That binds in one the human race;
Let none with philosophic pride
Love's gentle Votaries deride:
On Nature's plain decrees refine,
Nor counter-act her great design.
Art thou alone, for some strange cause,
Exempted from her general laws?
None can from Love *ensure* his heart,
Nor ev'n by flight escape the dart.
Love ev'n in Convents will intrude,
And haunt the Hermit's Solitude.

Nor yet indulge beyond controul
This ruling bias of the soul;
In legal bounds its power restrain,
And gently guide with Wisdom's rein.
As life declines let Love give way,
And Reason bear despotic sway;

'Till,

'Till, check'd by Time, his boist'rous rage
But kindly warms your freezing age.

He that to vagrant lust's enslav'd,
Or in his youth Love's power has brav'd ;
Who, in pursuit of wealth or fame,
Has half suppress'd the genial flame,
Smit with unseasonable * love,
Too late his sovereignty shall prove ;
With his own slave some base amour
Perhaps shall drain his golden store,
Brib'd by his wealth whilst younger swains,
Who share her favours, share her gains.
Perhaps equipp'd like old Sir Paul,
At Tunbridge or at City Ball,
Oddly profuse, absurdly gay,
(In Winter deck'd like blooming May)
With shaking head and tottering knee,
He'll dress and dance at Sixty-three ;
Forfeit the reverence due to Age ;
By giggling Youth shov'd off the stage.

* *Turpe senilis amor.*

OVID.

On Beauty *.

Induitur formosa ; exuitur ipsa forma.

BEAUTY my theme ! the vocal string
Once more I wake thy power to sing.

But, can a day, a vacant hour
Suffice to sing fair Beauty's pow'r ?
Whose triumphs have adorn'd the page
Of every Bard in every age,
Ambitious to possess the bays,
From Homer's down to Milton's days.

Mysterious source of love and joy !
What daring tropes shall I employ,
What glowing tints thy charms to dress ?
Which, ah ! I feel—but can't express.

Ere rising from the purple main,
The Loves and Graces in her train,
Bright Venus claim'd thee for her own,
Thro' Nature's works thy pow'r was known.

In western clouds of flaming gold
Beauty enthron'd in state behold !

* Proposed as a subject by a Poetical Society.

Or with the dewy Morning rise
 Refulgent from the orient skies.
 Aweful she rules the orbs of light,
 That glittering deck the wintry Night ;
 Nor with inferior lustre glows
 In the chaste Lilly or the Rose.

In works of Art thy power's the same,
 Assuming just Proportion's name,
 The marble column's stately height
 Or swelling Dome enchants our sight.

But in the dance see * *Delia* move
 Majestic as the Queen of Love !
 There Beauty's charms complete appear ;
 Her various powers are center'd there ;
 How vain are all the toils of Art
 To decorate each lovely part !
 Where, Nature's gift, her charming soul,
 Pervades and animates the whole.

What needfuls cost to deck the Fair !
 What wreaths of Pearl adorn her hair !
 With radiant gems from India's mines
 Her ivory neck encircled shines :

* The author either means Lady *** Mrs. *** Miss *** or
 Miss ***.

With Bruffels lace her bosom veil'd,
 Ten thousand charms lie there conceal'd :
 Her robe with richest foliage blooms,
 The glory of the Italian looms :
 Whilst every limb and every part
 Displays the pompous power of art.

With all this cost and care *trick'd* out,
 The nymph is beautiful, no doubt ;
 But oh ! remove that veil of dress,
 And Beauty's self your eyes will bless.

The Cottage Garden :

A Vision.

RECLIN'D beneath my rustic Grott,
 The cares of life awhile forgot,
 The woodbine flaunting o'er my head,
 The trees a gloomy verdure spread.
 Wrapt in a deep, poetic trance,
 I saw amidst the glade advance
 (By ancient Bards so often seen)
 The Graces three with Beauty's Queen.

Not in their antique Grecian drefs ;
(The genuine charms of nakednefs)
But fuch as now-a-days one fees,
In gauze and lace and negligées.

Whilst, fix'd in rapture and surprize,
To hail them I forbore to rife :—
I faw, methought, a mortal follow,
(Long deem'd by me my great Apollo *)
Who feem'd thefe Virgins to attend ;
Manlius, my neighbour and my friend.
His penetration foon could trace
Th' embarrassment that mark'd my face ;
And thus, to fave me from derifion,
Kindly explain'd the heavenly Vifion.

Manlius had prais'd my Cottage-garden,
Fit place to entertain a Bard in !
Where not a flow'r or fhrub is feen,
Save rofes red and laurels green.
But folks of tafte can beauties fpy
Invisible to vulgar eye.

Manlius then prais'd the laurel's glos,
The mould'ring walls o'ergrown with mofs,

* My oracle ; "Magnus Apollo."

VIRG.

The ivy creeping o'er my Grotto,
 My urns, with many a simple motto:
 But chief this little tinkling stream
 Was still my friend's perpetual theme,
 'Till he that stream had worthless made,
 By foiling Nature at her trade,
 In his more elegant Cascade.

}

Hither then, big with expectation,
 Manlius's kind exaggeration
 In earthly vehicles had brought
 (And pop'd upon me quick as thought)
 These Nymphs—my paradise to see,
 And thus dispell'd my reverie.

“ Why sure your mind with frenzy labours !
 “ What ! don't you recollect your neighbours ?
 “ This is my Harriet ; this my Daughter ;
 “ And she, that stifles thus her laughter,
 “ This lass so sprightly, gay and frisky,
 “ The same that drove you in her whisky.

“ Dream not of Nymphs or Powers celestial ;
 “ We're all plain folks—of mould terrestrial.
 “ In her own work my wife has deck'd her ;
 “ Not one of us e'er tasted Nectar :

“ But come your place and *you* to see,

“ And drink a dish of mortal tea.”

But how must I this stranger greet,
With looks so languishingly sweet,
That, without aid from Cupid's darts,
With gentlest *smiles* can win our hearts?

“ This, Sir, 's a Lady worth your knowing;

“ Of rank * and birth ; the fair Miss Sc—w—n.

“ A Maid of sentiment and taste,

“ With every female virtue grac'd.”

Perish all titles and alliance!

To rank or birth I bid defiance.

Taste, Sense and Beauty are my game ;

All meaner interests I disclaim.

Beauty in every shape I woo ;

Thro' all her various works pursue :

Whether she gild the orient day,

Or paint the blooming flow'rs of May—

Or with superior lustre shine,

And grace the human face divine.

If Bust or Medal e'er I bought,

Beauty was still the object fought.

* Sister to Lady A——.

For this, in youth I chose a wife,
And sacrific'd the pomp of life ;
Stopt short in Learning's bright career ;
Nor ever thought the purchase dear.

Tho' frantic deem'd, as the fam'd * knight
Of rueful face (that amorous wight,
Who figh'd for Nymphs that still would flout him,
Or never car'd a straw about him)
Long as I breathe this vital air,
I'll pay due homage to the Fair.

Would *you* then sometimes condescend
To bless the mansion of your friend,
And such bright forms my purlieus haunt,
My Cottage-garden still I'd vaunt ;
Nor envy Richmond's royal bowers,
Where George enjoys his happiest hours ;
Where Princesses adorn the groves,
And Charlotte's self delighted roves,

* Don Quixote.

On the Right honourable the Countess of
Ch——m.

WHEN lovely Portia glitters at the Play,
Or, in her birth-night robes, outshines the day ;
From crowds distinguish'd by her grace and air,
Portia the fairest seems, where all are fair.
A kindling passion every breast alarms,
Each tongue proclaims the triumph of her charms.
But when, retir'd amidst their rural bowers,
She cheers th' illustrious Patriot's calmer hours,
Or smiling sits her infant tribe among,
And guides to Virtue's paths the list'ning throng ;
We view, amidst these pleasing cares of life,
The tender Mother and the engaging Wife :
More just applause these humbler virtues share ;
And Portia shines—as good as she is fair.

1763.

On .

On Lady H——d.

WHEN Marcia darts her careless glances round,
 Which, like the Parthian's random arrows, wound ;
 Drawn by the splendor of a face so fair,
 Vain fops, like moths, approach with forward air,
 With nonsense fraught some vain coquet to please :
 (So buzzing drones the fragrant rose-bud tease.)
 But soon they feel, with shame and wonder smit,
 Bright Marcia's eyes less brilliant than her wit.
 Virtue's stern air their amorous thoughts refines,
 And still un sullied lovely Marcia shines.

On Miss Lucy F——, afterwards Lady L — n.

1740.

LUCIA was form'd by Heav'n in courts to shine,
 With grace and air and majesty divine :
 Yet o'er those charms her virtuous thoughts dispense
 The humblest mien with rural innocence.
 Hence Viscounts wait their doom from Lucia's eyes,
 Whilst many a swain in hopeless silence dies.

Mrs. W——n. Venus genetrix. 1760.

WHEN Stella joins the blooming throng
Of Virgins dancing on the plain,
A Grace she seems the Nymphs among,
Or Dian 'midst her Virgin train.

But when with sweet maternal air
She leads Iulus thro' the grove,
Herself appears like Venus fair,
Her wanton boy the God of Love.

On some Flowers drawn by Miss ——.

WHEN for the prize the heavenly rivals strove
Before the Phrygian swain in Ida's grove;
Venus in vain had brib'd her judge with Helen,
Had Pallas nam'd her favourite Molly A——n.

On

On the celebrated Miss W * * *.

F R E S H as the Spring, and like Aurora fair,
Clarinda issues forth, the public care !
Where'er she moves admiring crowds resort ;
Whilst round their Queen the Loves and Graces sport :
Her eyes the hearts of heedless fops beguile,
Who catch each glance, and feed upon each smile.

But the blest Youth, distinguish'd from the throng,
Who hears th' enchanting accents of her tongue,
Her native wit, her more than manly sense,
Express'd with sweet, bewitching diffidence,
Owns in her mind more powerful beauty lies,
And scarce observes the lustre of her eyes.

To Mrs. C. Macaulay ;

On her Scheme for a popular Government.

S H O U L D e'er with us that haughty creature man
Adopt, fair Catherine, thy Utopian plan :
Where firmly to secure the People's right,
The various Powers in equal laws unite ;

Yet

Yet must thy scheme soon share the usual fate,
 Unless thou'rt banish'd from the new-form'd state.
 Even Britons would be slaves—and pleas'd resign
 Their liberties to sense and charms like thine;
 Defeat at once thy patriotic view,
 And delegate a sovereign power to *you*.

1770.

Apology to Lucinda.

FROWN not, Lucinda, that the wand'ring Muse
 Thro' distant fields her fav'rite task pursues:
 For tho' with various sweets she decks her lays,
 Collecting ev'ry flower that merits praise;
 Tho' in each Nymph some charm perhaps may find,
 Some faint resemblance of Lucinda's mind;
 From you she paints each grace and winning art:
They share my verse, but *you* possess my heart.

The Parting.

Written some Months after Marriage.

THE rising Sun thro' all the grove
 Diffus'd a gladfome ray:
 My Lucy smil'd, and talk'd of love;
 And every thing look'd gay.

But

But ah ! the fatal hour was come,
That forc'd me from my dear :
My Lucy then thro' grief was dumb,
Or spoke but by a tear.

Now far from her and blifs I roam,
All Nature wears a change :
The azure sky seems wrapt in gloom,
And every place looks strange.

Those flow'ry fields, this verdant scene,
Yon larks that towering sing,
With sad contrast increase my spleen,
And make me loath the spring.

My books, that wont to sooth my mind,
No longer now can please :
There only those amusement find,
That have an heart at ease.

Even life itself is tasteless grown,
From Lucy whilst I stray :
Sick of the world, I muse alone,
And sigh the live-long day.

The

The Rose-bud.

To Lavinia at Fifteen.

WITHIN this cool embow'ring shade,
This sweet retreat for lovers made ;
Amidst the glitt'ring pearls of morn,
That ev'ry leaf and spray adorn ;
How sweetly blooms this *op'ning rose* !
How fresh its purple lustre glows !
Soft odours round its beauties play ;
How fragrant in the cool of day !

Oh ! blest with youth and form'd for love,
Lavinia regent of the grove !
Of sense refin'd and simple taste,
With rural innocence grac'd ;
That unaffected state of mind,
Which few from books, or breeding find ;
Alike from awkward silence free,
And loud, insipid gaiety ;
Whose conduct all must so approve,
That all must envy, or must love ;
O ! sweeter than the dawning rose,
Whose cheeks a livelier blush disclose !

When

When soon, drawn forth to open day,
You shine amidst the young and gay,
Where Flatt'ry throws her gilded dart,
Vice skulks beneath each modish art,
May no mistaken excellence
To Folly sooth your vig'rous sense :
No courtly airs, with honour's face,
Refine to guilt each virgin grace :
No taste from Italy or France,
Corrupt your native elegance !
May you, secure from the extremes
Of Scandal's blasts, or Flatt'ry's beams,
Reserve, for generous *Strephon's* arms,
Your beauty's bloom, and virgin charms !

The Anti-platonic.

From the Derby Journal, 1742.

BY Heaven, 'tis all mere affectation !
I hate this cant of Wit and Sense ;
What ! barter love for conversation ?
Soft kisses for impertinence ?

Some

Some desp'rate prudes or batter'd beaux,
Thro' envy, impotence, or pride,
First forg'd these dull Platonic laws,
And *mental* charms first deified.

But see ! my Sylvia's self appears
In all the blooming pride of youth ;
Sappho looks pale ; and Curio swears,
Such Beauty has more charms than Truth.

And who, that views those radiant eyes,
Those ruby lips and glowing cheeks,
But Plato's visions must despise,
And sneer when learned Sappho speaks.

What charms ideal, sense refin'd,
What moral beauties taught by books,
Can raise to heavenly thoughts the mind,
Like Sylvia's sweet, bewitching looks !

I must (oh ! let not H-ft-gs frown)
Adore, all sensual, charms like these ;
One glance would melt a Stoic down,
One kiss—convert a Socrates.

The

The Answer.

THY taste of life, my friend, seems true ;
Stoics *I* hate, as well as you.

All happiness I build on *pleasure* ;
Nor would be stinted in my measure.

Could love secure a *lasting* bliss,
Thy system were not much amiss.
Would Sylvia's charms thus bloom thro' life,
Nor fade, when she becomes a wife ;
Would Cupid's torch for ever blaze,
Still bright as in our youthful days :
Would health and vigour never leave thee—
'Twere barb'rous sure to undeceive thee ;
To wake thee from thy dream of pleasure,
And rob thee of thy fancy'd treasure.
Philosophy were then but vain,
Which thus for pleasure gave thee pain.

But oh ! with what a fatal speed
Life's joys fly on, life's cares succeed !
Oh ! think how soon mere *sensual* joy
The fated appetite must cloy :

Think,

Think, when the novelty is o'er,
These raptures will exist no more.

Learn then more real joys to find
In Virtue and a tranquil mind:
Let Reason's dictates be pursued,
Each passion and each lust subdued,
Which, unrestrain'd, be sure, my friend,
In pain and misery must end.
Seek *pleasures* that will always last,
Or leave no sting behind when past.

On an Orange Flower,

Put into her Bosom by Mrs. W * *.

In the Style of Waller.

GO! envied Flower, in all thy pride,
To that fair bosom go;
And there thy snowy blossoms hide
In whiter drifts of snow.

Yet *warmer* than thy native clime
Thou'lt find that seat of Love;
Matur'd to fruit before thy time,
As in the genial stove.—

Ah!

Ah! no, with fragrant sweets oppress
You there intranc'd shall lie;
And, like her swain, were he so blest,
In ecstasies must die.

Answer.

THO' Waller, in lewd Charles's days,
Licentious love-songs writ;
We pardon him, but cannot praise,
For shewing thus his wit.

But tho' perhaps of flagrant crimes
Too justly we complain;
Yet George may boast of *decent* times
That dignify his reign.

Then would'st thou merit Waller's fame,
And even to Pope's aspire?
Let Reason check thy amorous flame,
And Virtue tune thy lyre.

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The Charms of Innocence.

“ But this *virtuous* Maid subdues me quite.”

SHAKESP.

To —

THY youth is fled ; no wit hast thou to boast ;
 Thy charms are faded ; and thy virtue lost :
 Yet still that face with pleasure we behold ;
 Still sit attentive whilst thy tale is told.
 Nay, *yet* some warmth those features can impart,
Yet raise some soft emotions in the heart.

O ! say, what magic gains thee this respect,
 And guards thee from thy well-deserv'd neglect ?
 'Tis not thy rank, thy fortune, or thy sense—
 No ; 'tis th' *appearance* still of Innocence.
 'Tis Virtue charms us—tho' she's thine no more :
 The substance lost—the shadow we adore.

The

The Setting Sun.

To Lady ———

WHEN Phœbus glows with radiant gold
In his meridian height,
What eye un-injur'd can behold
Th' insufferable light?

But when declining to the west
He shoots a feebler ray,
His charms in milder radiance drest
With pleasure we survey.

In height of bloom, thus Fulvia charm'd,
Thus tortur'd every heart;
Her dazzling eyes each breast alarm'd;
Each glance convey'd a dart.

Their lustre soften'd now by time,
Less ardent is their fire:
Tho' amiable as in her prime—
With safety we admire.

Hilaria.

The Charms of Innocence.

“ But this *virtuous* Maid subdues me quite.”

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Tho' amiable as in her prime—
With safety we admire.

Hilaria.

The Rising Sun.

To the Same.

MORTAL ! (for such thou art, bright maid,
Tho' like an Angel fair :)

How soon must all those beauties fade,
Which now "are all thy care !"

Those fatal lures to sin and pride,
Which bounteous Heaven bestows
As blessings, are, when misapplied,
The source of endless woes.

Untaught by Reason or by Grace
Our passions to controul,
Too oft beneath an Angel's face
Sin lurks, and taints the soul.

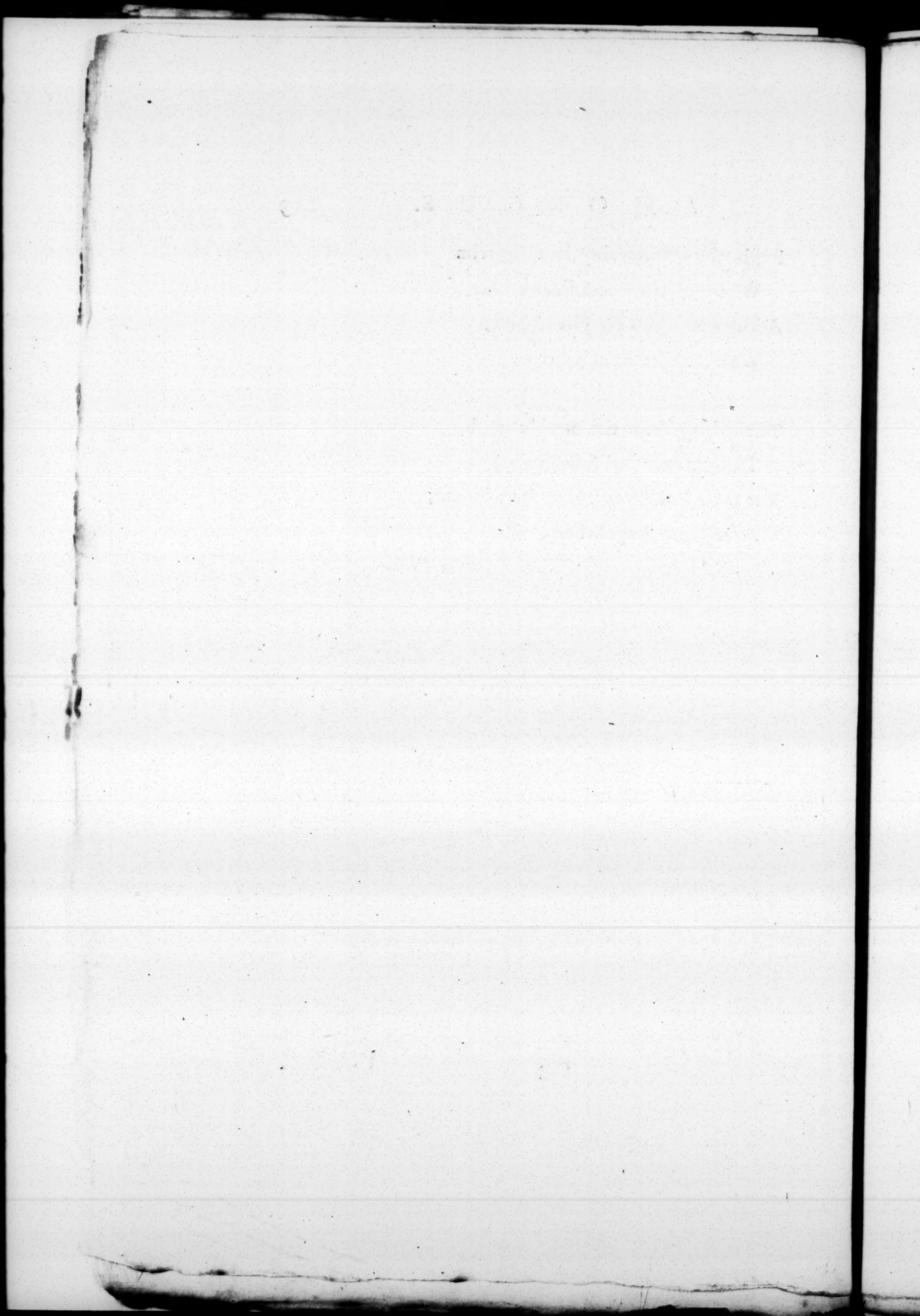
But oh ! prepare in time, my friend,
Ere yet those charms decay,
Prepare the Bridegroom to attend,
Who bids thee haste away.

Begin

Begin thy glimmering lamp to trim
With penitence and tears ;
Address thy humble suit to him,
Who contrite finners hears.

Then rising from the marble tomb,
Thy charms tho' faded here ;
Yet thou in heaven again shalt bloom,
A brighter Angel there.

Paster Fido.



P A R T VI.

H U M O R O U S.

TO

CHRISTOPHER ANSTY, Esq.

OF THE

PART VI.

HUMOROUS.

Hymen and Pomona.

PERHAPS 'tis true, what wtlings urge,
“ That needful thing, a wife,
“ As often proves the plague and scourge
“ As comfort of one's life.”

For Marriage is an orchard fair,
And various fruits produces,
Of four and sweet, of joy and care,
Like Autumn's various juices,

When forward girls and amorous boys
The sweets of love betray ;
How soon the luscious, transient joys,
Like *Summer* fruits, decay !

Let minds in judgment grown mature,
In Hymen's bands engage ;
Such loves the *Winter* will endure,
And mellow grow by age.

Look round you well before you wed,
With caution make your choice ;
By no fond whim or passion led,
Attend to Reason's voice.

The Nymph that's beautiful and gay,
Rich, generous, sweet, and mild,
If such there be, such surely may
Be Golden Pippins styl'd.

Some, proud of sense and ill-bred wit,
Are harsh as Coccagèe :
Such fruit may be for *grinding* fit—
But eat who will for me.

The rural lass with ruddy cheeks,
The Redstreak we may name ;
Whose luscious, wholesome juice bespeaks
The soil from whence * she came.

Some dames the John-apple may suit ;
Like shrivel'd parchment dried :
But some men choose such *lasting* fruit,
Nor envy such their bride.

Others, like Pears, look sweet, and smile
On every pretty fellow :
Too early ripe, they please awhile ;
But soon they grow too mellow.

Your froward, sour, ungracious shrews
Make housewif'ry their boast :
Like Ruffetines, fit sauce for goose !
And there they rule the roast.

Mark where good sense and sweetness dwell,
And truth without disguise ;
The man that finds this Non-parcil,
Has surely gain'd a prize.

* Herefordshire.

The

The royal * *Wilding*—tho' it grows
 Neglected in our fields;
 Yet manag'd well, the Artist knows
 The noblest liquor yields.

Then let not rakes blaspheme the Fair,
 For wedlock's wild abuses;
 When even from Crabs one may with care
 Extract delicious juices.

The Triumph of Ceres ; or, The Harvest-home.

To the Tune of “ *What beauteous scenes enchant
 “ my sight ?*”

WHAT chearful sounds salute our ears,
 And echo o'er the lawn !
 Behold ! the loaded car appears,
 In joyful triumph drawn.
 The Nymphs and Swains, a jovial band,
 Still shouting as they come,
 With rustic instruments in hand,
 Proclaim the Harvest-home.

* The famous Devonshire fruit.

The

The golden sheaves, pil'd up on high,
 Within the barn are stor'd :
 The careful hind, with secret joy
 Exulting, views his hoard.
 His labours past, he counts his gains ;
 And freed from anxious care,
 His casks are broach'd ; the sun-burnt swains
 His rural plenty share.

In dance and song the night is spent ;
 All ply the spicy bowl :
 And jests and harmless merriment
 Expand the artless soul.
 Young Colin whispers Rosalind,
 Who still reap'd by his side ;
 And plights his troth, if she prove kind,
 To take her for his bride.

For joys like these, thro' circling years,
 Their toilsome task they tend :
 The hind successive labours bears,
 In prospect of the end :

In

In Spring or Winter sows his seed ;
 Manures or tills the foil ;
 In Summer various cares succeed ;
 But Harvest crowns his toil.

The Banks of the Wye.

To the Tune of "*Tweed Side.*"

THO' I've rambled all Europe around,
 Would the Fates with my wishes comply,
 I would scorn even Classical ground,
 And fix on the Banks of the Wye.
 There the earth does its blessings profuse,
 Unassisted, at Nature's command,
 Each object for pleasure and use,
 Spread forth with a liberal hand.

Let fops, who come Frenchified home,
 To the vulgar with raptures explain
 The wonders of Paris or Rome,
 On the Banks of the Tibur and Seine.

Nor

Nor the Seine, nor the Tibur—nor Po,
Nor the Arno itself can supply,
Nor a stream in the world that I know,
Such charms as the Banks of the Wye.

Tell me not of the Danube or Rhine
Or the Volga that kingdoms divide :
What care I for their cities so fine,
Or the vineyards that cover their side ?
Long flourish their wealth and their trade !
Shall I envy their splendor ? Not I ;
Whilst at ease I'm ingloriously laid
On the flowery Banks of the Wye.

Let Scotchmen in sonnets display
How their Shepherds so happily feed
Their flocks on the sweet-winding Tay,
Or the pleasanter Banks of the Tweed.
Their beauties may doubtless be great ;
But surely they never can vie
With the woods, rocks, and meadows so sweet,
That vary the Banks of the Wye.

Tho'

Tho' Britain boasts many a stream
 That her Poets with verse can inspire :
 Tho' the Thames has so long been the theme
 Of each Cockney that tunes up his lyre.
 Let their Banks be by others possess'd,
 From the world whilst sequester'd I fly,
 And live in a cottage more blest
 On my favourite Banks of the Wye.

The Fryar and Old Nick ; or, A Cure for Love.

To the Tune of “ *King John and the Abbot of Can-
 “ terbury.*”

A Parson there was and he dwelt with a 'squire,
 Who treated him kindly as Priest mought desire ;
 He preach'd and said grace and had naught else to do,
 But to put round the bottle—and carry the screw.

Derry down—down, &c.

His greatest delight was in reading and walking ;
 For, except with his Friends, he hated much talking.
 He did what he pleas'd and went just where he wou'd ;
 And he did no great harm—if he did little good.

Derry down, &c.

The

The 'squire's young fister, whose name it was Kitty,
Was tall and genteel, good-natur'd, tho' witty ;
Her eyes were so bright, her expressions so smart,
They shot the poor Fryar quite thorough the heart.

Derry down, &c.

This Fryar (for rhyme-fake, we'll call him plain Dick)
Had a friend in a corner, whose name was * *Old Nick*,
To whom, thus distress'd, he resolv'd to apply,
Quoth he, " My friend Nick, I shall certainly die."

Derry down, &c.

" How so !" quoth his friend, " pray what's come to pass ?"
" Alas !" quoth the Fryar, " alas ! Nic-o-las !
" I'll tell you the secret, my friendship to prove ;
" Tho' I'm sure I shall die, it is only for Love."

Derry down, &c.

" If that's all," quoth Nick, " I'm sure you ne'er can die,
" If you'll take but a glass of my fine cherry-brandy"—
So he slip'd to his trunk in a little dark place,
Where Nick us'd to keep his great bottle and glass.

Derry Down, &c.

* N. Th-n-ll, Esq.

VOL. I.

Q

" Here,"

" Here," quoth he, " is a dram, and I think it will fit ye ;
 " We'll drink a good health to your lovely Miss Kitty :
 " Take courage, my friend, lay aside this grimace ;
 " Perhaps the young Lady may pity your case."

Derry down, &c.

" Ah ! no," quoth the Priest, " my respect for the Brother
 " My love for the Sister will teach me to smother ;
 " Tho' my heart is on fire, in secret I'll burn ;
 " For I love her too well—to wish a return."

Derry down, &c.

Yet the Priest lik'd the health, and likewise the liquor ;
 So the glasses went round still thicker and thicker ;
 'Till Nick thought it proper to lock up his trunk,
 When down dropt the Priest—as a herring dead-drunk.

Derry down, &c.

Beware then, ye lovers, how you deal with Old Nick ;
 You see the sad fate of poor Fryar Dick :
 Tho' he liv'd like a saint, yet he dy'd like a sinner ;
 So the bell it did ring—and folks went to dinner.

Derry down, &c.

1742.

The

The Preaching Fryar.

To the Tune of "*Chevy Chase*."

A Ballad.

TO preach the word, one Sunday morn,
A Fryar took his way ;
No man e'er heard, since he was born,
Such preaching as that day.

This Fryar thought (ah ! dire mistake !)
His preaching was admir'd :
And therefore he a vow did make
To preach—'till he was tir'd.

For ere that folks had drefs'd them well,
The Preacher he begun ;
And when they rang the evening bell,
The sermon scarce was done.

The 'squire began to gape and stretch,
And pleasantly did say,
Man John, step home, my night-cap fetch ;
For here we're like to stay.

Q₂

Tho'

Tho' oft with snuff his nose he bor'd,
His spirits for to rouse,
The 'squire had slept—but Madam snor'd
So loud—she wak'd her spouse.

Old farmer Hodge look'd desp'rate four,
And cry'd, “when shall we dine?”
Quoth he, “’tis almost foddering hour!
“Go, Cicely, milk the kine.”

A wag, that in the alley stood,
Began to sham a cough;
Held out as long as e'er he cou'd,
And then mov'd sily off.

The clerk, who to full many a drone
Had lent a patient ear,
Was now himself impatient grown,
And could no longer bear.

So, when the Fryar was at a stand,
And could not make it out,
The clerk his psalm-book took in hand,
And thus the psalm gave out:

“All

“ All people that on earth do dwell,”—

Then twang’d it thro’ the nose ;

The Fryar *be* now perceiv’d full well

’Twas time the book to close.

And tho’ the days were long enough,

(For ’twas the month of June,)

Reserv’d the rest of his choice stuff

’Till “ time more opportune.”

God prosper long our church and state,

Our wives and children all !

May ne’er again such tedious prate

Poor Christian folks befall !

War proclaimed at Brentford.

Written, 1744.

BRITAIN at length her wrath declares,
And fierce to meet the foe prepares.

Bellona mounts her iron car,

Grac'd with the implements of war.

* Augusta founds the dread alarm,

And all our ports their gallies arm.

Bristol and York have heralds sent

Denouncing George's dire intent :

Nay, Brentford now proclaims defiance ;

Let Bourbon tremble at th' alliance.

The Force of Novelty.

Written at Bath, 1766.

BATH has been deem'd, time out of mind,
The seat of diffipation ;

Where British nymphs united find

The follies of the nation.

* London.

While

While something new to hear and see,
Their fancy still regales ;
Plays, concerts, balls, or public tea,
Or conjurors, or sales :

At length Religion takes its turn ;
From kirk to kirk they're gadding ;
And oh ! how fierce their raptures burn,
When set on fire by * M-d-n !

Preach on, ye zealots, preach and thrive,
And triumph whilst you may—
Should Punch with puppet-shew arrive,
Again your flocks would stray.

Every Man in his Humour ; or, Universal
Toleration. 1766.

TO Bath since all the world repairs,
For health or recreation ;
'Tis fit that each should say his pray'rs,
As suits his inclination.

* A popular Preacher.

Q4

And

And truly Bath is still, we know,
 So complaisantly given,
 She leaves her company to go
 What road they please to heaven,

The abbey our fore-fathers thought
 Enough in days of yore :
 But Christian zeal is waxing hot,
 And folks want something more,

For this the worthy Doctor rears
 A church without a spire ;
 To tickle their capricious ears,
 All by a good coal-fire,

By paint or music here each sense
 To piety is warm'd ;
 And wretches, deaf to eloquence,
 By elegance are charm'd.

Yet froward sects care not a louse
 For pulpit, desk, or pew :
 The Quaker has his meeting-house,
 His synagogue the Jew.

The

The Catholic, in other places,
Must skulk behind the laws :
But lo ! at Bath, full in our faces
He puffs the good old cause.

The Tabernacle's fill'd each night :
There faints and finners meet ;
Their tragic style and lamps so bright
May vie * with Orchard-street.

The godly 'mongst themselves dispute :
But none find much amiss in
The doctrine of the † Herenhute,
That preaches up chaste kissing.

Priests orthodox, and heretics,
In cassock, or in *pallio*,
May here play off their merry-tricks,
And need not a seraglio,

* The play-house.

† The name of Count Z-zendorf's seat, the founder of the sect :
who was *boldly* charged with principles and practices of an amorous
tendency—yet there are many good people amongst their followers—
See "Moravianism compared"; by the late Bishop of Exeter—Count
Rimmius—Mr. Whitfield's Pamphlet, &c.

The

The crescent is a Turkish fancy,
By Mahomet respected ;
Let's hear then what *their* doctors can say ;
And be a mosque erected.

Jews, Turks, and heretics to please,
What more can mortals do ?
Unless, to humour the Chinese,
You'd have a pagod too.

With * Bonzes gamblers may unite,
And (though to us uncivil,
Our sabbaths and our gods they flight)
Adore some Indian † devil.

Thus Bath shall treat with due respect
The gods of every nation :
Thus grant to each fantastic sect,
A General Toleration.

* Chinese priests.

† As they are *said* to do, though probably the Devil and they may be abused.

The Moral.

For modes of faith whilst zealots fight,
 Yet no *two* sects agree
 What system or what church is right ;
 Th' *establish'd* church for me !

The Innocent Theft.

YOU tell us, Doctor, "'Tis a sin to steal ;"
 We to your practice from your text appeal :
 You *steal* a sermon, *steal* a nap ; and pray,
 From dull companions don't you *steal* away ?

An Epitaph :

Alluding to the Expressions, "*Siste viator,*"—" *Hoc te scire
 velim, &c.*"

STOP ! gentle traveller, stop your horse,
 And view awhile this lifeless corse :
 You can't conceive how great a man
 Contracted he's within this span.

Alive indeed 'twas honest Jack :
 We've often thump'd him on the back.
 He'd take his glass without a fuss ;
 And we e'en thought him one of us.
 But now, behold ! when dead and gone,
 He's justly styl'd " the great Sir John."
 See ! Virtue's self her distance keep,
 And Angels o'er his ashes weep !
 With trump erect the goddess Fame
 To distant regions sounds his name.
 Thus much 'twas fit that you should know :
 Now, gentle traveller—you may go.

On Two Poets ;

Buried in the same Grave.

BENEATH one tomb here sleep two faithful friends :
 Constant thro' life, united in their ends.
 Their studies, their amusements were the same ;
 Alike their genius, and alike their fame.
 By fortune favour'd, or by want oppress'd,
 Still they in common every thing possess'd :
 One heart, one mind, one purse—tho' small their riches,
 One room, one bed, one hat, one pair of breeches.

A Rea-

A Reasonable Satisfaction.

Imitated from Sir Thomas More.

WHILST glory's cause two long campaigns
Thrafo in distant climes detains,

His wife had fix'd her sad retreat
Contiguous to Sir Harry's seat ;
Who, in mere pity to her case,
Kindly supply'd the husband's place.

Thrafo return'd ; the tale transpires ;
Revenge the Captain's bosom fires :
He takes his sword, intent on blood,
And meets the Knight behind a wood :
“ Scoundrel,” quoth he, “ say, on thy life,
“ Hast thou presum'd to kiss my wife ?”

The Knight, unmov'd by Thrafo's rant,
Reply'd (and grasp'd his oaken plant)

“ Why really, Sir, 'twixt me and you,

“ The thing you hint at 's very true.”

“ You own it then !—oh ! very well—

“ Or else, by all the dev'ls in hell !

“ But that thou hast the fact confest—

“ This trusty sword had pierc'd thy breast.”

The

The Fond Keeper.

To ——— C ——— Esq:

THY Charmer is so d-mn'd a jilt,
 Her very air betrays her guilt :
 If e'er she deigns to walk the streets,
 She's curs'd by every foul she meets.
 The sober tradesman at his door,
 Proclaims aloud, " There walks a whore !"
 The cinder-wenches, one and all,
 Concur to thrust her from the wall.
 The paviour rests upon his rammer,
 And to his comrade cries, "'od d-mn her !" —
 " All this you tell me ; but in vain ;
 " I feel it gall, yet hug my chain :
 " Then sneer and laugh and rail your fill,
 " I'll hear it all ; and—love her still."

The

The Fair Parthian.

AS down the Mall one day a well-dress'd Fair
Before me walk'd ; her lovely shape and air ;
The rich brocade, the ribands, and the lace,
That deck her limbs, and all her person grace,
Each lock that shades her neck conveys a dart ;
And various charms conspire t' enslave my heart.
Sure, never mortal was bewitch'd like me—
She turn'd her face, and set her captive free.

On a Rake ;

Who intrigued with the Maid, whilst he was courting
the Mistress.

FORGIVE me, Madam, if, in haste
This transient life to *live*,
Those pleasures I presume to taste,
Which you refuse to give.

The

The Lady's Answer.

GOOD Sir, since you are such an * oaf;
 And such your taste of life;
 You've had a slice; pray take the loaf;
 And make my maid your wife.

The Amorous 'Squire.

STREPHON in vain pursu'd a rural Fair;
 The rosy object of his tender care.
 The nymph, who long had lov'd a sturdy swain,
 Still view'd the am'rous Strephon with disdain.
 Provok'd, he strove by force to storm her charms;
 She rais'd her hand—and dash'd him from her arms.
 “ Ah! cease,” cries he, “ subdue that barb'rous spite;
 “ Tho' doom'd to love, I was not born to fight.
 “ You've stol'n my heart; deprive me not of breath;
 “ Those *frowns* are cruel—but that *fist* is death.”

* Provincial word for a “fool.”

(To be) written in a young Lady's Milton.

CLOË, to *Cloe's* foibles somewhat blind,
Admires the wild caprice of womankind.—

“ Strange ! that our mother Eve, so void of grace,

“ Should for an *apple* curse the human race !”

Her censure thus on Eve rash *Cloe* pours,

Whilst she herself green fruit and chalk devours.

But cease, fair Maid, that fatal crime to blame,

When you, more frail, had surely done the same :

For less restraint your Maker's will had cross'd,

Nay, for a *crab*, your Paradise had lost.

An Incident in high Life.

THE *Bucks* had din'd, and deep in council sat ;
Their wine was brilliant—but their wit grew flat :

Up starts his Lordship, to the window flies,

And lo ! “ a race ! a race !” in rapture cries ;

“ Where ?” quoth Sir John : “ Why see ! two drops of rain

“ Start from the summit of the crystal pane :

" A thousand pounds ! which drop, with nimblest force,
 " Performs its current down the slipp'ry course !"
 The betts were fix'd ; in dire suspense they wait
 For victory, pendent on the nod of Fate.
 Now down the fash, unconscious of the prize,
 The bubbles roll—like pearls from *Cloe's* eyes.
 But ah ! the glitt'ring joys of life are short !
 How oft two jostling steeds have spoil'd the sport !
 Lo ! thus attraction, by coercive laws,
 Th' approaching drops into *one* bubble draws.
 Each curs'd his fate, that thus their project cross'd ;
 How hard their lot, who neither won nor lost !

The Invisible.

Written at College, 1747.

WHAT mortal burns not with the love of fame ?—
 Some write, some fight—some eat themselves a
 name.
 For fame beau Frightful haunts each public place,
 And grows conspicuous for his ugly face.

Laura,

Laura, the rural circle's constant boast,
Sighs for the Mall, and longs to be a toast.
The priestling, proud of doctrine not his own,
Usurps a scarf—and longs to preach in Town.
E'en *Whitfield's* faints, whose cant has fill'd the nation,
Toil more for fame, I trow, than Reformation.

Verus, tho' bless'd with learning, sense, and wit,
Yet *prides* himself in never shewing it:
Safe in his cell, he shuns the staring crowd,
And inward shines, like Sol behind a cloud.
For Fame let fops to distant regions roam,
Lo! here's the man—who never stirs from home!
That unseen wight—whom all men wish to see;
Illustrious grown—by mere obscurity.

A Reasonable Request.

"*Ridebis; & licet rideas.*" PLIN. **W**

MY person's odd, and thin my face;
The whole wants dignity and grace.
Laugh out, fair maid (for laugh you will;)
Indulge your mirth, and take your fill.

R 2 I see

I see you're tickled to the soul ;
 Young folks are struck with things so droll.
 Laugh in my face ('tis what you lack.)
 Yet stay—'till you're behind my back.

Hibernicus.

The Prayer of an Humorist.

CURIO, 'tis plain by all these motto's,
 Romantic wight ! prefers
 Wild woods, wild rocks, and shapeless grotto's,
 To gardens, and parterres.

Each weed he culls of various hue ;
 Wild flow'rs are his delight :
 The primrose pale, the hyacinth blue,
 And dog-rose charm his sight.

All these, around his mossy seat,
 He plants with wond'rous care ;
 And thus, in times of parching heat,
 To Heav'n directs his pray'r :

" O! send us rain, ye gracious Pow'rs ;

" The earth refreshment needs ;

" Not for my corn, my fruits, or flow'rs ;

" But oh !—preserve my weeds !"

The Virtuoso.

WHAT, to the valiant Knight of Spain,
Was Donna del' Toboso :—

Such is the idol of his brain

To every Virtuoso.

Don Quixote to a goddess lifted

An home-spun country lass :

Each grain of corn the damsel sifted,

With him for pearls could pass.

Whate'er the curious deifies,

It thus his fancy warms,

And gives to shells and butterflies

Imaginary charms.

R 3

But

But let not those that look more grave,
 Themselves their wisdom pride on;
 Since every man must sometimes have
 His hobby-horse to ride on.

On Quack Medicines.

To ———, Esq; at Bath.

WHEN Science now, with radiance bright,
 Shines forth in her meridian light,
 And Learning's stores their aid impart
 To dignify the healing art:
 When Britain long has view'd with pride
 Her realms with men of skill supplied:
 When Bath, health's magazine, can boast
 Of regulars a numerous host;
 Physicians of distinguish'd fame,
 Whom friendship bids me—not to name:
 To whom, by long instruction train'd,
 All Nature's laws have been explain'd;
 For Heaven's—and for your own sakes,
 Beware, my friends, beware of Quacks!

Let

Let W-rd, let James, or gentle H-l
 Their powders boast, or drop, or pill,
 Their essences of sage or honey,
 To ease you of your pain—and money:
 Yet what avails a pompous name,
 If poisons flow dissolve your frame?
 If numbers still have victims died
 To the best medicines—misapplied?

Think how egregiously they fool us,
 Who vaunt the same specific bolus,
 Of sam'd Elixir can root out
 A fever, dropfy, stone, or gout?
 For contradictions can't be true,
 And what cures me—may murder you.

Too sure I am, these boasted *rostrums*,
 Like those dispens'd from country *rostrums*,
 More mortal men deprive of breath,
 Than * *Battle, Murder, Suddain death*,
 Or, could we but the truth examine,
 Than *Plague, or Pestilence, or Famine*.

• Three noted physicians in Oxford.

VZT. SCHOL.

On a noted Quack ;

Who "travels by Act of Parliament."

YE solemn tribe, who write and take your fees,
Adorn'd with English or with Scotch degrees ;

Who boast of licences, and idly puff

Your lectures, hospitals, and such vain stuff :

Behold a wight, of more intrinsic worth,

For public good, tho' "gouty," fallies forth !

"His Uncle's pupil !" who, for Thirty years,

Has dried the widow's and the orphan's tears ;

"Allow'd by all a most ingenious" Sage ;

Styl'd by himself "the Wonder of the age * !"

The great *Shappee* ! who scorns your letter'd skill,

Soft Baylis, Lucas, and thou, gentle H-ll ;

Sent forth "by Act of Parliament"—to kill !

* The Italics are the words of his Advertisement.

Panacæa ;

Panacæa; or, The Universal Remedy.

WELCOME to Baia's streams, ye sons of spleen!

Who rove from spaw to spaw—to shift the scene:

While round the steaming fount you idly throng,

Come, learn an wholesome lesson from my song.

Ye Fair, whose roses feel th' approaching frost,

And drops supply the place of spirits lost:

Ye 'Squires, who, rack'd with gout, at Heaven repine,

Condemn'd to water for excess in wine:

Ye portly Cits, so corpulent and full,

Who eat and drink till appetite grows dull:

For whets and bitters then unstring the purse,

Whilst Nature more oppress'd grows worse and worse;

Dupes to the craft of pill-prescribing Leach,

You nod or laugh at what dull parsons preach:

Hear then th' Empiric Bard, who spurns your wealth,

And *gratis* gives a sure receipt for health!

No more thus vainly roam o'er sea and land;

When lo! a sovereign remedy at hand.

No dear-bought cordial, or infernal draught,

With short relief—but ling'ring poison fraught:

My

My simple recipe no art requires,
 But appetites subdued and cool desires.
 " 'Tis *Temp'rance* then that must your health restore."
 " *You preach*, and not prescribe."—" Why then, 'tis more ;
 " 'Tis *Abstinence* : nay, *Fasting* is my plan ;"
 Heaven's antidote against the sins of man.
 The time for temp'rance, my friend, is past ;
 To live, to eat with pleasure, you must *fast*.
 Foul luxury's the cause of all your pain :
 Nature and reason bid you then abstain.
 Nature, tho' long by surfeiting oppress'd,
 Will soon regain her native force by rest.
 The waters hence assume balsamic pow'r,
 The blood to cleanse, th' obstructed glands to scour.
 Fast, and take rest, ye candidates for sleep,
 Who from high food tormenting vigils keep.
 Fast, and be fat, thou starveling in a gown :
 Ye bloated, fast—I'll warrant it brings you down.
 Ye Nymphs, that pine o'er chocolate and rolls,
 Hence gain fresh bloom, fresh vigour to your souls.
 Fast, and fear not ; you'll need no drop or pill :
 Hunger may starve, excess is *sure* to kill.

The Consultation.

THREE Doctors, met in consultation,

Proceed with great deliberation.

The case was desperate, all agreed;

But what of that? they must be see'd,

They write then (as 'twas fit they shou'd)

But for their own, not patient's good.

Consulting wisely (don't mistake, Sir)

Not what to give, but what to take, Sir.

Reply to a Satire on the Physicians.

— ἀγρία παῖσις

MOSCH.

WHO'E'R thou art, conceal'd from sight,

That hurl'st thy pois'nous darts;

Well hast thou aim'd—to shew thy spite,

Tho' not to shew thy parts.

Tho'

Tho' men, for craft or avarice known,
 Or ignorance, like thine,
 Disgrace the art; yet all must own
 The art itself's divine.

And come the time, as haply 'twill,
 When gout or stone attacks,
 Thou'lt fly for refuge to *their* skill,
 Whom now thou treat'st as Quacks.

Then shalt thou court the God of verse,
 (Whose gifts you now profane)
 To bid his sons remove the curse,
 And ——— heal thy pain.

On the Musical Contests at Bath, 1770.

AT Bath, the seat of joy and ease,
 Studios each other's taste to please,
 Strangers in *concert* one and all
 Join at the Pump, the Rooms, the Ball:
 Distinction none is here allow'd
 To mark the great, the rich, the proud:

By

By int'rest link'd, as by a strong cord,
All *play'd* in unison and concord :
And really, Sir, it would amaze one,
To observe th' *harmonious diapason*.

But now King, Commoners, and Peers
Are all together by the *ears* :
The ladies into parties rush,
And warm for diff'rent int'rests—*push*.
The heartiest friends now disagree
For Tweedle-dum and Tweedle-dee ;
And hear, at * *Simpson's*, or at * *Morgan's*,
Of naught but fiddlesticks and organs.

But fye ! my friends, let *discord* cease,
And Spencer *tune* you all to peace.
What joy can Music's self afford,
'Till perfect *harmony*'s restor'd ?

* Coffee-houses.

A

An

An Estimate of Life.

A la Groffier.

IN bloom of youth, with spirits gay,
Thro' Life's brisk *trade* I made my way;
 School's 'prenticeship with labour past,
 Methought I could not live too fast.
Wholesale laid in my stock of joys,
 All bought by weight *aver-du-pois*:
 And still my happiness I found
 Full sixteen ounces to the pound.
 But *age* comes on with gouty pains;
 Life's trade grows *dull*, and small my gains;
 Now Fate *retails* my scanty pleasure
 By d-mn'd Apothecary's measure:
 By drams and scruples now I live,
 Nor longer taste what life can give.
 My bliss weighs light; sad cares prevail;
 And constant misery turns the scale.

A Journey

A Journey to London; or, The Oxonian in
Town.

"*Omnia Romæ cum pretio.*"

Juv.

THO' scarce three days I've been in Town,

Mere want of cash will drive me down.

My purse grows thin, for night and day

Naught have I heard but—Pay, pay, pay:

The perquisites of one day more

Would quite exhaust my slender store.

My cloak-bag (carriage paid) was brought;

What then? the coachman claims a groat:

And tho' my lodging's scarce a step hence,

The porter will be paid his three-pence.

Some fee is due to all one meets:

One begs—for sweeping of the streets.

Drop but your glove, or ask the way;

Some wretched object makes you pay.

You pay for blacking of your shoes;

Your daily barber; daily news.

Pay double for your horse's meat;

And pay for corn—he does *not* eat.

A Journey

You

You pay, at taverns if you dine,
 For spongy bread and wretched wine :
 Or, if you hope your case to mend,
 By dining with some wealthy friend ;
 Ere you can reach the guarded * door,
 Your dinner 'll cost you ten times more.

Are you for church, amongst the godly ?
 Things there are manag'd somewhat oddly :
 The sexton shews a pew, no doubt, Sir,
 But you must *pay* to be let out, Sir,

Thrust but your head, where new or old
 Books, pictures, household-goods are sold ;
 You'd better be in bed and sleeping :
 For sure as Fate, you'll *pay* for peeping,

Well then, since thus I'm forc'd to pay,
 I'll pay my lodgings, and away ;
 Escape from noise, and dust, and heat,
 To some sequester'd, cool retreat ;
 Or hail again, in quest of knowledge,
 The venerable walls of College.

But hold, good Sir ; not quite so fast ;
 You've something more to pay at last ;

* Vails to servants—not then abolish'd.

The house-maid, holler, honest James,
That brush'd your cloaths, have each their claims;
With various articles ne'er thought on;
Which three days stay in Town have brought on.

Nay, ere you can the suburbs quit,
You'll meet with more expences yet:
For lo! the surly toll-men stand,
Their tickets ready in their hand;
And, all your questions disregarding,
Will strip you of your last poor farthing.

In London then, or go, or stay,
There's naught, I find, but "pay, Sir, pay."
Yet—better *pay* for *leaving* London,
Than stay—and be completely undone.

Sunday Night, in Town.

WHAT I, where'er condemn'd by Fate
To stay in Town, devoutly hate,
You deem an entertaining sight;
"To walk the streets on *Sunday night*."

The shops shut up, the taverns open,
For clerks and 'prentices to tope in.

The Strand with faunt'ring coxcombs lin'd,
 And awkward folks of every kind :
 (More awkward far, in all their best,
 Than in their sleeves or aprons drest ;
 Pursuing without affectation
 The duties of their occupation.)

Here taylors in their stiffen'd skirts !

There barbers deck'd with ruffled shirts !

See ! grocers, chandlers, butchers, bakers,

Fair milleners, and mantua-makers,

And Monsieur in his solitaire,

All issuing forth to take the air !

See ! harlots tending towards the Park ;

Grave Cits returning ere 'tis dark !

Fat couples in their chaise and one

Drive homewards with the setting sun,

Delighted with their Sunday's cheer,

The Lord knows what—the Lord knows where !

“ High Life below stairs” too you'll meet,

Loud-laughing in the open street ;

Leaving their Ladies in the lurch ;

To cards retir'd—when come from church.

The coachman, and the saucy groom ;

The house-maid, regent of the broom !

The

The valet in his tarnish'd lace,
And cooky with her shining face,
And Sally in her Lady's gown—
“Lo! this is Sunday Night, in Town.”

The Rural Retreat.

SICK of the noise and smoke of Town,
Old Simon, fat and wealthy grown,
Resolv'd to seek some snug Retreat,
And buy, or build a country Seat.

One day, in his perambulation,
He 'spied a tempting situation:
The house perhaps you oft have seen,
Fast by the road on Turnham Green.
Seven windows in the front are thrust,
'Spite of the sunshine and the dust:
The road a cheerful prospect yields;
The walls are blank, that face the fields.

Twice five stage-coaches, twice a day,
Here from and to the Town convey
Old gouty cronies of the City,
Who in the country wax full witty:

Whole summers days they sit and smoke,
And on poor travellers crack their joke.

Our Cit the stage conveys to Town,
And in the evening brings him down:
For Simon's heart, nor think it strange,
Still hankers after the Exchange:

And thrice a week he *must* peruse
The Chronicles and London news.

His conversation this supplies
With murders, rapes, and robberies,

The price of stocks—and bankruptcies.

Thus does our friend from day to day
Contrive to huddle life away:

And thus our Hermit still you see

As busy as a Summer's bee,

Is this, said I, your *long Retreat*?

I'd rather live in Newgate Street:

Or if forsooth! one must be chopping,

I'd take a country-house—at Wapping.

The Hermitage.

Incertus Templum faceret Cluacum.

HOR.

OLD Simon bought a country Seat,
 (So call'd by folks in Aldgate Street)

Where, bent to make things somewhat decent,

And suited to a taste more recent,

He needs must build, in seemlier sort,

And place more fit, the "little Fort"

Which, in an age grown more polite,

Appear'd too much expos'd to sight.

Mean-while man John, with axe and shovel,

Built up a temporary hovel,

Sufficient for their present uses—

But things are subject to abuses.

Some man of taste this mansion saw,

Rais'd on four posts, and thatch'd with straw;

Sequester'd from the public view,

And shaded with a spreading yew;

Who thus began, with counsel sage;

"Friend Simon, where's your Hermitage?"

• Vide Swift.

S 3

"Have

“ Have you no temple, seat, or grotto ?
“ Or root-house, deck’d with classic motto ?
“ A *place* is now not worth a fardin,
“ Without some gimcrack in your garden.
“ Come ! make this hut a little fine ;
“ Plant roses, woodbine, eglantine ;
“ Nail o’er the door two sticks across,
“ Then dish it out with shells and moss,
“ With pictur’d faint in vesture fable,
“ And place an hour-glass on the table :
“ And here you have an hermit’s cell,
“ Where Austin’s self might wish to dwell.”

Lo, thus our honest country mouse
Has made his useful, *little* house
A place—for holy meditation,
For solitude, and contemplation ;
Yet what himself will rarely use,
Unless to conn his weekly news ;
Or with some jovial friends to sit in,
To take his glass, and smoke, and *spit* in.

The Cascade.

CURIO, ambitious of a taste,

Having his little garden grac'd

With every object for the eye

Which Art or Fancy could supply :

To crown the whole, at length had made,

Without water, a cascade.

Behind his artificial rock,

A cistern plac'd, he turn'd a cock,

And lo! the little Naiads spout

And sputter—till the tub ran out.

Not with more rapture Israel spied

The streams by Moses' rod supplied.

One evening, ere the sun was set,

Some neighb'ring folks of rank were met,

To visit Curio, for their fun :

The cock is turn'd, the waters run :

Sir John applauded ; Lady Betty

And all the Ladies vow'd 'twas pretty !

Regardless of domestic matters,
 Curio plays on ; the torrent patters,
 And rushes faster still, and faster—
 Whilst fretting at her thoughtless master,
 Poor Doll—behind the garden-door
 (Who knew th' exhausted wat'ry store
 Her labour must again supply)
 Beheld his pranks with evil eye :
 And tho' she knew 'twas all in vain,
 No longer could her wrath restrain ;
 " Hold ! hold ! " cries Doll, with unfeign'd sorrow,
 " Why, Sir !—we are to brew to-morrow. "

Christmas Cheer ; or, Lady Bountiful's Logic.

NOT taste my pye ! I vow you must ;
 My daughter Fanny made the crust ;
 I know 'tis good ; pray make a trial :
 Come, Sir, I will have no denial.
 Your Ladyship's extremely kind ;
 But pray excuse me ; I have din'd.

And tho' I'm sure your pye is good
 (And so is all your Christmas food)
 I must refuse— even from your hand—
 Nor can the logic understand
 Why your old neighbour, honest Dick,
 Must eat and drink himself quite sick;
 Because forsooth! old Carols say
 That "Christ was born on Christmas-day."
 Or, since th' all-bounteous will of Heaven
 Has to our lives so kindly given
 The blessing of another year—
 Bring us another jug of beer.

But would you then prolong my life?
 Oh! lay aside that carving-knife.
 Nor tempt me to transgress the rules
 Of Stoic and Galenic schools:
 Nor let me thus a martyr die
 To tarkey—chine—and Christmas-pye.

On

On the Dutcheſs of —,

In Return for a fine Neck of Veniſon,

FAR as the trunk of yon fair oak
 Excels its ſpreading branches ;
 So far your Grace's lovely Neck
 Excells the fineſt Haunches.

On the *Report* of a very trifling Fellow being
 knighted.

OLD James the Firſt, of Scottiſh race,
 Whoſe peaceful deeds our annals grace,
 To dignify each warlike wight, wou'd
 Needs inſtitute the rank of Knighthood.
 But then, as if with reſolution
 To ridicule the inſtitution,
 On chineſe of beef, or things leſs fav'ry,
 To lay his ſword, with hum'rous bravery,

The

The merry monarch oft delighted ;
And hence Sir Reverence was knighted.

As James thus dignified a t—d
In merry mood ; so George the Third,
To shew th' omnipotence of kings,
And aggrandize the vilest things,
With Dares acts the same droll part,
And knights a thing—not worth a f—t.

The Mystery explained.

WHAT! Dares made a Knight! No; don't be
frighted :
He only lost his way, and was be-nighted.

A droll

A droll Couple.

THE wife so plump, thyself so thin;
She's flesh and blood, thou bone and skin.

The Contrast.

HIS wife so thin, himself so fat,
The man's a hog—his wife a cat.

To an old Lady;

Who built an House in a very bleak Situation.

HER winds to seamen sells the Lapland witch:
Would you but trade in winds, you'd soon grow
rich.

To G. S. Esq; F. R. S.

GIVE me the thing that's pretty, odd, and new:
All ugly, old, odd things I leave to you.

The Rival Colleges; or, P-mbroke the Humble,
to Chr-ft Church the Ample.

TRUCE with thy sneers, thou proud, insulting
College—

Tho' not much known—we may be men of knowledge.

On a Guardian's marrying his rich Ward.

MARIUS, by Calvus left in trust,
Does but the thing that's strictly just;

To testify his great regard,

And better to secure his ward

From Irish bites, and save her pelf—

He wisely—marries her himself.

Bons

Bons Mots.

AS a West-country mayor, with formal address,
 Was making his speech to the haughty Queen Bess,
 "The Spaniard," quoth he, "with inveterate spleen,
 "Has presum'd to attack you, a poor Virgin Queen;
 "But your Majesty's courage has made it appear
 "That the Don had taken the wrong sow by the ear."

A Court Audience.

OLD South, a witty church-man reckon'd,
 Was preaching once to Charles the Second;—
 But much too serious for a court,
 Who at all preaching make a sport:
 He soon perceiv'd his audience nod,
 Deaf to the zealous man of God.
 The Doctor stop'd; began to call,
 "Pray wake the Earl of Lauderdale:—
 "My Lord! why, 'tis a monstrous thing!
 "You snore so loud—you'll wake the King."

Dr.

Dr. Radcliffe and Sir Godfrey Kneller.

SIR Godfrey and Radcliffe had one common way,
 Into one common garden—and each had a key:
 Quoth Kneller, “I’ll certainly stop up that door,
 “If ever I find it lock’d up any more.”
 “Your threats,” replies Radcliffe, “disturb not my ease;
 “And, so you don’t *paint* it, e’en do what you please.”
 “You’re smart,” rejoins Kneller; “but say what you will,
 “I’ll take any thing from you—but potion or pill.”

The Doctor’s Arms.

A Doctor, who for want of skill,
 Did seldom cure—but sometimes kill;
 Contriv’d at length, by many a puff,
 And many a bottle fill’d with stuff,
 To raise his fortune, and his pride;
 And in a coach, forsooth! must ride.
 His family coat long since worn out,
 What arms to take, was all the doubt.

A friend,

A friend, consulted on the case,
 Thus answer'd with a fly grimace :
 " Take some device in your own way ;
 " Neither too solemn nor too gay ;
 " Three Ducks, suppose, white, grey, or black ;
 And let your Motto be, *Quack ! Quack !*

The Empty Gun.

AS Dick and Tom in fierce dispute engage,
 And face to face the noisy contest wage ;
 " Don't *cock* your chin at me," Dick smartly cries :
 " Fear not—his head's not *charg'd*," a friend replies.

The Sad Alternative,

IN heat of youth poor Jack engag'd a wife,
 Whose tongue, he found, might prove a scourge for
 life.

Perplex'd, he still put off the evil day ;
 Grew sick at length—and just expiring lay ;
 To which sad crisis having brought the matter,
 " To wed, or die"—Jack wisely chose the latter.

D-rr-ck's

• D-rr-ck's Rebuke to the Lord High Chancellor † of England.

INDEED, my Lord, it was a foolish action ;
 The Law's great Head—to head a lawless faction.
 A faction !—form'd in spite and envious wrath,
 Against our Royal self—the King of Bath.
 'The Public stomachs it—and (as common fame says)
 'Tis most unkindly taken at—Saint James's.

To Molly—at Nando's Coffee House.

A Culinary Precept.

DEAR Molly, would'st thou rule the roast,
 First learn to make a butter'd toast.
 Cut it substantial—not too thick,
 Pare off the crust, and toast it quick.
 Slice on your butter—not too thin,
 And melt, ah ! gently melt it in.

• Late Master of the Ceremonies at Bath.

† The great and amiable Lord C-m-d-n.

Cut it in slices, lay them straight,

Then serve it in a china plate.

These rules observ'd, Molly shall boast
Henceforth to reign—my favourite *Toast*.

The Impertinence of the Critics.

FREED from his academic gown,
When *Rakebell* first arriv'd in Town,
Soon to Vauxhall the youth was led,
Lock'd arm in arm with *Frank* and *Ned*.
Struck with the wonders of the place,
Amazement seiz'd his brazen face :
The glittering lights, the gay alcoves,
The music warbling thro' the groves :
O'er each illumin'd walk he strays,
Each pasteboard edifice surveys ;
'Till having view'd them o'er and o'er,
Begins to wish for something more :
To each fair sportive nymph he talks,
And longs to rove in private walks ;
But here the decent care of * *Tyers*
Had plac'd his beadles and his wires,

* Proprietor of the gardens.

To keep men chaste ;—a sturdy tribe !
Who scorn to take—a slender bribe.
Young *Rakebell* now grows soundly tir'd
Of what he just before admir'd :
He damns the place ; and swears, in short,
“ *These constables*—spoil all the sport !”

The youthful Bard, when first he roves
Thus wildly thro' Arcadian groves,
Still longs to cull forbidden flow'rs,
And wanton loose in rosy bow'rs :
The path of common-sense forsakes,
For painted meads and silver lakes :
Excursive leaps o'er nature's bounds,
And truth with falsehood still confounds.

Check'd by the critic's chafter law,
At length he learns to stand in awe :
But yet with sad reluctance, bends
To have his lays *review'd* by friends ;
Provok'd, that reason's rigid rules
Forbid e'en Bards—to write like fools.

An Emblem of Matrimony.

RANGING a clean-swept brew-house round,
 Some rats the spacious copper found,
 Its bottom strew'd with rich remains
 Of fresh and sweet, high-scented grains.

A brave young rat leaps boldly down
 (Like Wolfe, in storming of a town)
 Whence boasting of his prey aloud,
 He's follow'd by the hungry crowd :
 Who cram and eat ; and sport and play
 And scamper round ; and, who but they ?

A brindled rat grown grey with age,
 Tho' not less hungry yet more sage,
 Beheld how much they were delighted ;
 But, strongly to partake invited,
 Halts on the brink ; and there surveys
 The dreadful gulph ; then wisely says ;
 " I see, my friends, the prize you've got,
 " And almost envy you your lot :
 " You're vastly happy there, 'tis plain ;
 " But—how will you get out again ?"

The

The Super-celestial Magazine.

YE scribblers all in country, town, or city,
 Who pant for fame, impatient to be witty;
 In Prose or Verse who give your raptures vent;—
 To friends ne'er seen, write letters—never sent:
 Write Songs or Odes on nymphs you never knew,
 Or panegyrics on—the Lord knows who;
 Attend my Song, whilst, in no groveling strains,
 A scheme for your relief the Muse explains.

Disdain, my friends, in Chronicles to shine;
 Nor basely prostitute the sacred Nine,
 To chaunt in *vulgar* magazines the lay;
 Immortal strains in records of a day.
 The London, Court, and Country's out of date;
 Nay, father Urban must submit to fate.
 The Royal and Imperial I despise:
 The Universal's—odious in mine eyes!

Hear then, ye Bards! my project I'll disclose,
 More nobly suited to your Verse and Prose;
 Than all your pompous titles more divine,
 And print next month the *Godlike Magazine* *.

* Alluding to the extravagant titles with which these Magazines are usually adorned.

An Ænigma.

“Virginibus puerisque”—

SAY, what is this? You'll guess with ease,
 'Tis near a-kin to “what you please;”
 And, if ordain'd by Heaven's decree,
 'Tis what or you or I might be.

What Beauties with a grace may do;
 What Kings would give to lie by you;
 What England, if she were more wife,
 Might still do with her Colonies;
 What many a wretch that has a wife,
 Submits to for a quiet life;
 What every prudent man would be,
 To please the present company;
 What Misses wou'd for an husband give;
 On what a Parson's horse will live;
 What Ladies use for similes,
 When fingers smart, or head-achs tease;
 All this may surely well explain
 What 'tis by all these Whats I mean.

“Any-thing!”

A Rebus.

A Rebus.

WHAT the veteran soldier with glory displays,
What is bought and is sold in these golden days,
Make the name of a place which our beautiful maids
In summer prefer to Bath's rooms and parades.

Sc—b—h.

Another.

WHAT our wise modern painters set Bacchus a-
stride on,
What, on horse-back, the Severn or Thames you may
ride on,
Make the name of a place—in the county of Kent,
Where long-hoarded pelf by Cits is soon spent.

T—b—ge.

On Party Contests.

FOR P-tt or B-te
 Let men dispute,
 And wrangle e'er so long;
 Whilst party spite
 Thinks nothing right,
 Sure all are in the wrong.

A Toast.

A. **M**AY the King and his People live together
 in concord,
 And all rivals for *places* hang together in one cord :
 B. With your toast I'll agree—so it be but a strong cord.

PART

H U M O R O U S

On Party Contests.

FOR P. or R. is

Let men dispute

PART VII.

While party spirit

MORAL PIECES,

EPITAPHS, &c.

A Toast.

MAY the King and his People live together

in concord

And all rivals for places hang together in one cord

WALWYN GRAVES, Esq.

PART

PART IV
MORAL EFFECTS
OF THE

OF THE
PARENTS
TO THEIR CHILDREN
IN THE
MORAL
AND
PHYSICAL
EDUCATION
OF THE
YOUTH
OF THE
NATION

PART VII.

MORAL PIECES,
EPITAPHS, &c.

Ode to Friendship.

PARENT of joy! thou kind relief
Of every care, of every grief,
Ah! whither art thou fled?
Whilst faithless smiles, and forc'd grimace,
And Flattery's hypocritic face
Are honour'd in thy stead.

Ye

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Ye courtly tribe, * whose laws refin'd
Make men less virtuous and less kind,
Hence ! to the Gallic shore.
Come ! ye rough Britons, void of art,
Who speak the language of the heart,
And Friendship's joys restore.

When Nature's latest, noblest birth,
Man, issued from the recent earth,
A staring, stalking thing ;
Unpleas'd he view'd the purple rose,
Each field its clust'ring fruits disclose,
Or blossoms of the spring.

Forlorn, in solitary state
The joyless wretch his morsel ate,
Or stroll'd around the plain :
Then prostrate on the matted grass
He slept, a drowsy, lumpish mass,
'Till morning rose again.

* See Lord Chesterfield's Letters.

Heaven saw and pitied his distress;
 The savage monarch deign'd to bless;
 His rude condition mend:
 Then drew from near his throbbing heart,
 His second self, his better part,
 A tender faithful *Friend*.

Instant he saw a brighter grace,
 Fresh lustre deck fair Nature's face;
 His breast new raptures warm:
 Now first began each hill and dale,
 Each grove its fragrance to exhale,
 And Paradise to charm.

As darts the sun in radiant streams
 O'er the Chaotic mass its beams,
 And lights the vast profound:
 Thus Friendship gilds the gloom of life;
 Thus dissipates each jarring strife,
 And spreads its joys around.

Affliction

Affliction droops her pensive head ;
 Her child bemoans or comfort dead,
 Or weeps some dire disgrace :
 Friendship, with sympathetic woe,
 Or shares the tears that ceaseless flow,
 Or wipes them from her face.

Cordial of life ! thus Friendship pours
 Her comforts o'er our heavier hours,
 And makes the burthen light ;
 Or sprightly sheds joy's gladsome rays,
 Illuminates our happier days,
 And bids them shine more bright.

When * Damon for his Pytheas mourn'd,
 An hostage 'till his Friend return'd,
 Such love could ev'n subdue
 The Tyrant's self their Friend to live ;
 Who thus, what Kingdoms cannot give,
 The sweets of Friendship knew.

* A known story—Valer. Max. Tull. Off. l. iii. 45.

Yet tho' the Great may hope to gain,
How oft they wish, alas! in vain
True Friendship's charms to prove!
Their power inferior folks may fear;
Haply their virtues may revere—
But can they claim our *love*?

Yes; let them nobly lay aside
Their state, reserve, and empty pride,
And humbly condescend
Their breasts to Friendship to unfold,
And gain, what ne'er was bought with gold,
A constant, cordial Friend.

Ah! what avails it, bounteous Heaven,
That mitres, truncheons, crowns were given,
Or India's wealth were mine?
If you substantial bliss would give,
With Friendship blest, oh! let me live,
Or—life itself resign.

David's

David's Lamentation for the Death of Saul
and Jonathan.

MOURN, Israel, mourn ; on Gilboa's lofty plain,
Thy honours blasted and thy heroes slain.

"How are the mighty fallen !" his country's pride,
Great Saul, by impious hands ignobly died.

Let none in Gath the mournful tidings tell,
Nor Ascol hear how Israel's glory fell,
Left proud Philistia with exulting voice
At our distress, in barbarous songs, rejoice.

Ill-fated Gilboa ! may henceforth no rains,
No fostering dews e'er fertilize thy plains !
No more thy pastures fat oblations bring—
For there the shield of our anointed King,
The shield of Saul, was vilely cast away ;
His arms, like vulgar spoils, neglected lay.

O ! Jonathan, how oft the slaughter'd foe
Stain'd with his gore the arrow from thy bow !
Ne'er did thy weapon ineffectual fall,
Nor e'er undrench'd with blood, the sword of Saul.

Thro' life we saw the Sire and honour'd Son,
In friendship's sacred bonds united run,

And

And oh ! in death, each weeping friend shall tell,

How both, too fatally united, fell.

In war and peace they shar'd an equal fame ;

Their courage and their active strength the same.

Not lions in their rage more strength display ;

Nor swifter darts the eagle on his prey.

For Saul, in sable weeds, ye daisies, mourn,

Who oft with spoils, from captive Princes torn,

With chains of gold or bracelets deck'd your arms,

And grac'd with purple robes your native charms.

" How are they fall'n !" on Gilboa's lofty plain

Young Jonathan, the pride of war, was slain.

O ! Jonathan, my Friend ! for thee distress'd,

As for a Brother bleeds my tortur'd breast.

In all my joys, thy friendship bore a part ;

In all my griefs, thy sympathetic heart.

Thy love to me more tenderness display'd,

Than for her lover feels the amorous maid.

" How are the mighty fall'n !" O ! Saul, how vain

Is all the pomp of war, since Thou art slain !

• **An Epitaph on General Wolfe.**

Sacred to the memory

Of Major General Wolfe,

Slain before Quebec, in the 32d year of his age,

M.DCC.LIX.

The Ornament of his Country!

The Glory of his Age!

Who, without any advantages of birth or fortune,

By the force of genius, by intrinsic worth,

Rose, at an early period of life, to the first rank in

his profession:

which he adorn'd

with every military, with every social Virtue.

His courage, his conduct, and his humanity

The enemies of his country will attest:

The sweetness of his disposition, the delicacy of his

manners, and the goodness of his heart,

• As a proof of the astonishing activity of the human soul, the Author will hazard the *ridicule* of his readers, by assuring them, that the above Epitaph (such as it is) was composed in a dream, without the least previous intention of writing upon the subject; all the latter part, in the very words.

His

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His friends, ever proud of that distinction,
with gratitude proclaim.

The justice done to his merit

Of Major Oglethorpe

By the most important services to his Country:

All which he crown'd

By (a victory too dearly bought !)

The conquest of Quebec.

In short

His virtues were splendid, his actions noble ;

His life was exemplary,

And

His death was glorious :

In his public character he was an Hero ;

In his private character he was more,

A truly amiable Man,

and

A good Christian.

His manners, and the goodness of his heart.

As a proof of the astonishing activity of the human soul, the Author will present the reader with a series of verses, by which he will see that the above Epitaph (such as it is) was composed in a dream, without the least previous intention of writing upon the subject ; all the latter part in the very words.

His

U 2

On

On the Same.

IN various climes immortal honours won,
 Quebec subdu'd, great Wolfe! thy task was done.
 The Victor fell, with mournful laurels crown'd;
 His friends, 'midst shouts of triumph, weeping round!
 He fell, by every grateful Briton mourn'd!
 With every virtue, every grace adorn'd:
 A genius that improv'd; a feeling heart,
 That humaniz'd even War's destructive art:
 An Hero, sparing even of hostile blood;
 Like Julius brave, like gentle Titus good.
 Undaunted in the field, in council sage,
 He gain'd in youth the dignity of age.
 When Glory call'd, each dangerous post he sought;
 And prov'd himself the discipline he taught.
 Quick to discern, reward, and, pleas'd, make known
 Each spark of latent merit, but his own.
 Thus train'd to love, his troops with pride obey,
 And brav'd even death, whene'er *He* led the way.

Such

Such was great Wolfe ! his much-lov'd Country's pride ;
For her he liv'd, for her he bravely died.
A formidable Foe ; a cordial Friend ;
Great in his life, and—glorious in his end.

Epigrammatic.

A World subdu'd, unknown to Ammon's son,
What couldst thou more, great Wolfe ? Thy work
was done.
Enough to Virtue and to Fame was given—
'Tho' early slain, thou didst mature for heaven.

On the Death of Mr. Shenstone.

To Mr. Robert Dodsley.

" Thee, shepherd, thee the woods and desert caves—
" And all their echoes mourn—"
MRS. LYTTON,

TIS past, my friend ; the transient scene is clos'd !
The fairy pile, th' enchanted vision, rais'd
By Damon's magic skill, is lost in air !—

What tho' the lawns and pendent woods remain ?

U 3 Each

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Each tinkling stream, each rushing cataract
With lapse incessant echoes thro' the dale !
Yet what avails the lifeless landscape now ?
The charm's dissolv'd ; the Genius of the wood
Alas ! is flown ; for Damon is no more !

As when from fair Lycæum crown'd with pines,
Or Menalus with leaves autumnal strew'd,
The tuneful Pan retires, the vocal hills
Resound no more ; and all Arcadia mourns.

Yet here we fondly dreamt of lasting bliss :
Here we had hop'd, from busy thoughts retir'd,
To drink large draughts of Friendship's cordial stream,
In sweet oblivion wrap'd by Damon's verse,
And social converse, many a Summer's day.

Romantic wish ! In vain frail mortals trace
Th' imperfect sketch of human bliss ! Whilst yet
Th' enraptur'd fire his well-plann'd structure views
Majestic rising 'midst his infant groves,
Sees the dark laurel spread its glossy shade,
Its languid bloom the purple lilac blend,
Or pale laburnum drop its pensile chain,
Death speeds the fatal shaft—and bids his heir
Transplant the cypress round his father's tomb.

Oh ! teach me then, like you, my Friend, to raise

To moral truths my grov'ling song : for, ah!
 Too long, by lawless fancy led astray,
 Of haunted groves I've dreamt, and dancing Fawns,
 Or Naiads weeping o'er their tinkling urns.
 Oh! could I learn to sanctify my strains
 With hymns, like those by tuneful Meyrick sung!—
 Or rather catch the melancholy sounds
 From Warton's reed, or Mason's lyre, to paint
 The sudden gloom that damps my soul!—But see!
 Melpomene herself has snatch'd the pipe
 With which sad Lyttelton his Lucia mourn'd,
 And plaintive cries, "Mr. Shenstone is no more!"

Epitaph on Mr. Shenstone;

On an Urn erected by Mr. Graves in Hales-Owen
 Church, Salop.

WHO'E'R thou art, with reverence tread
 These sacred mansions of the dead!
 Not that the monumental bust
 Or sumptuous tomb here guards the dust
 Of rich or great: let wealth, rank, birth
 Sleep undistinguish'd in the earth:

This simple Urn records a name
Which shines with more exalted fame.

Reader! if Genius, Taste refin'd,

A native Elegance of mind,

If Virtue, Science, manly Sense,

If Wit, that never gave offence,

The clearest Head, the tenderest Heart

In thy esteem e'er claim'd a part;

Ah! smite thy breast, and drop a tear;

For know, Thy Shenstone's dust lies here,

On a Pyramidal Mausoleum,

Erected to Ralph Allen, Esq; in Claverton Church-
yard, 1764.

O'ER Allen's dust what needs this pious care,
To raise yon splendid structure high in air ?
How vain these efforts to adorn a name,
So long recorded in the rolls of Fame !
The great, the good, the Friend of human kind,
If such may hope a just return to find,
His virtuous acts, thro' distant ages spread,
Shall live, when tombs are vanish'd, with their dead.

Yet hold ! perhaps in emblematic style
Some artist plann'd this pyramidal pile :
As from its spreading base th' aspiring cone
Tow'rs heaven high-rais'd directs the pointed stone ;
Thus Allen's gen'rous deeds still glorious rise ;
Wide-spread on earth—all pointing to the skies.

Sacred

Sacred to the Memory of Edward Seymour,
Esq; eldest Son of Lord Francis Seymour,
Dean of Wells. Ob. 23 June, 1775.

THY soul adorn'd with piety and truth;
By vice untainted 'midst the snares of youth:

Thy learning, knowledge, sense above thy years,
Claim the just tribute of our flowing tears.

But from a vicious world Heav'n deign'd to save,
And early lodge thy Virtues in the grave.
Let then thy weeping friends inscribe this stone,
Not of thy loss expressive—but their own.

On the Death of Ralph Warburton Allen,
Esq; who died in the Year 1775. Aet. 19.

THE seeds of Science, and the native fire,
That mark the genius of thy learned sire;
The charms that deck thy beauteous Mother's face,
In thee conspicuous, with true manly grace;

Thy

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Thy Uncle's * warm benevolence of heart,
That would to all its happiness impart :

These outlines sketch'd, tho' Providence thought fit,

To shew what heights our nature would admit ;

Lamented youth ! yet thy untimely doom

Has nipt these op'ning Virtues in their bloom ;

For ne'er to man was full perfection given :

The seeds here sown, must be matur'd in Heaven.

On Miss Cl—b—k ;

Who died 27 Oct. 1769—Æt. 17.

NIPT in its bloom, thus fades the vernal flow'r !

Fair Reader, learn how vain is Beauty's pow'r,

When Virtue's self, nor Innocence could save

The best of Daughters from th' untimely grave.

Let Nature plead ; parental Fondness mourn,

Or Friendship bathe with tears Eliza's urn :

Whilst she, superior to a world like this,

With choirs angelic shares immortal bliss.

Ralph Allen, Esq.

On

On the Death of a fine Girl, at Nine
Years old.

JOY of her friends; her parents only pride;
When scarce she'd tasted life—Clarissa died.
She was—But words are wanting to say what:
Say all that's good and pretty—she was that.

On erecting a Monument to Shakespeare:

Under the Direction of Mr. Pope and Lord
Burlington.

TO mark her Shakespeare's worth, and Britain's love,
Let Pope design, and Burlington approve:
Superfluous care! when distant times shall view
This tomb grown old—his works shall still be new.

This babbling stream not unproductive flows:
Not idly joists to its destined main;
Each flow'r it feeds that on its margin grows;
And bids thee blush, whose days are spent in vain.

MORAL PIECES, EPITAPHS, &c.

On an Urn to Mr. Shenstone—at Worville,

Salop.

STRANGER! if woods and lawns like these,
If rural scenes thy fancy please;

Ah! stop awhile, and pensive view

Poor Shenstone's Urn: who oft, like you,

These woods and lawns well pleas'd has rovd,

And oft these rural scenes approv'd.

Like him, be thou fair Virtue's Friend,

And health and peace thy steps attend!

Under an Hour-glass;

In a Grotto near the Water.

THIS babbling stream not uninstruative flows,

Nor idly loiters to its destin'd main:

Each flow'r it feeds that on its margin grows;

And bids thee blush, whose days are spent in vain.

Nor

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Nor void of moral, tho' unheeded, glides
Time's current, stealing on with silent haste;
For lo! each falling sand his folly chides,
Who lets one precious moment run to waste.

On the Death of an Epicure.

At length, my friends, the feast of life is o'er;
I've eat sufficient—and I'll drink no more;
My night is come; I've spent a jovial day;
'Tis time to part: But oh!—what is to pay?

To an Old Maid.

Of sufferings past why thus complain?
Or why for joys you've miss'd so cross?
Could pleasures past be deem'd a gain?
Or pain, once past, be deem'd a loss?

Captain

MORAL PIECES, EPITAPHS, &c.

For lo! each falls in his own way
Who sets one precious moment to waste
Time's current, flowing on with silent haste
Not void of moral, tho' unheeded, glides

Captain ~~_____~~'s Excuse,
For not fighting a Duel.

"WHAT! you're afraid then?" — "Yes, I am;
" you're right:

" I am afraid to *sin*, but not to fight."

" My Country claims my service, but no law

" Bids me in Folly's cause my sword to draw.

" I fear not man nor devil; but, tho' odd,

" I'm not ashamed to own, I fear my God."

Diogenes to Aristippus.

CLOY'D with ragouts, you scorn my simple food;

And think good-eating is man's only Good.

I ask no more than Temperance can give;

You live to eat; I only eat to live.

To his Grace the Duke of S—— ;
In Return for an Antique Ring, with a Death's-head
enamelled on it.

THANKS for the Duke's instructive present!
But sure his Grace is somewhat pleasant :

For every day I view, alas!

Death's head in my own looking-glass.

My face, amidst life's transient glory,

Is still the best "*Memento mori.*"

Democritus and Heraclitus.

De sapientibus alter

Ridebat — flebat contrarius alter.

JUV.

WHEN I the busy, fruitless cares,
The pride, the folly, hopes, and fears
Of mortal men survey ;
Like that old * Greek, I sometimes think
True wisdom is to eat and drink,
And laugh the live-long day.

* Democritus.

But

But when I seriously reflect
How *much* depends on our neglect
Or careful use of Time;
Taught of my folly to repent, I
Could almost think, when turn'd of twenty,
To laugh *at all* 's a crime.

On a Globe of the World.

Tinnit ! inane est.

QUARLES'S EMBLEMS.

TR Y, ere you purchase; hear the bauble ring.
'Tis all a cheat; an hollow, empty thing !

X

A Serious

A Serious Reflection on New-Year's Day.

"Lufisti satis—Tempus abire tibi est."

HOR.

BEHOLD, my friend, the radiant sun
 Once more his annual course has run,
 And finds thee still the same !
 Reason with custom strives in vain,
 But cannot break stern habit's chain ;
 Nor one fierce passion tame.

With health and spirits not content ;
 On pleasures still, or trifles bent,
 Each glittering work of art,
 A picture, medal, bust, or seal
 From wisdom's charms thy love can steal,
 And captivate thy heart.

But ah ! tho' Tully pleads in vain,
Nor Seneca can yet restrain

The ardors of thy soul :
Oh ! listen what the sacred page
Prescribes to check wild fancy's rage,
And every thought controul.

No longer with the Muses sport ;
Let younger Bards their favour court,
On whom they gladly smile :
Tho' yet indulg'd, hope not for praise :
Ah ! how insipid are thy lays !
How obsolete thy style !

Each fond pursuit of life give o'er ;
Old age creeps on ; then write no more
In prose or jingling rhyme ;
With critic eye thy *works review* ;
Scan well thy ways ; thy life renew ;
Correct thy faults in time.

“ Thy

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“ Thy counsel’s good : Heav’n grant I may,

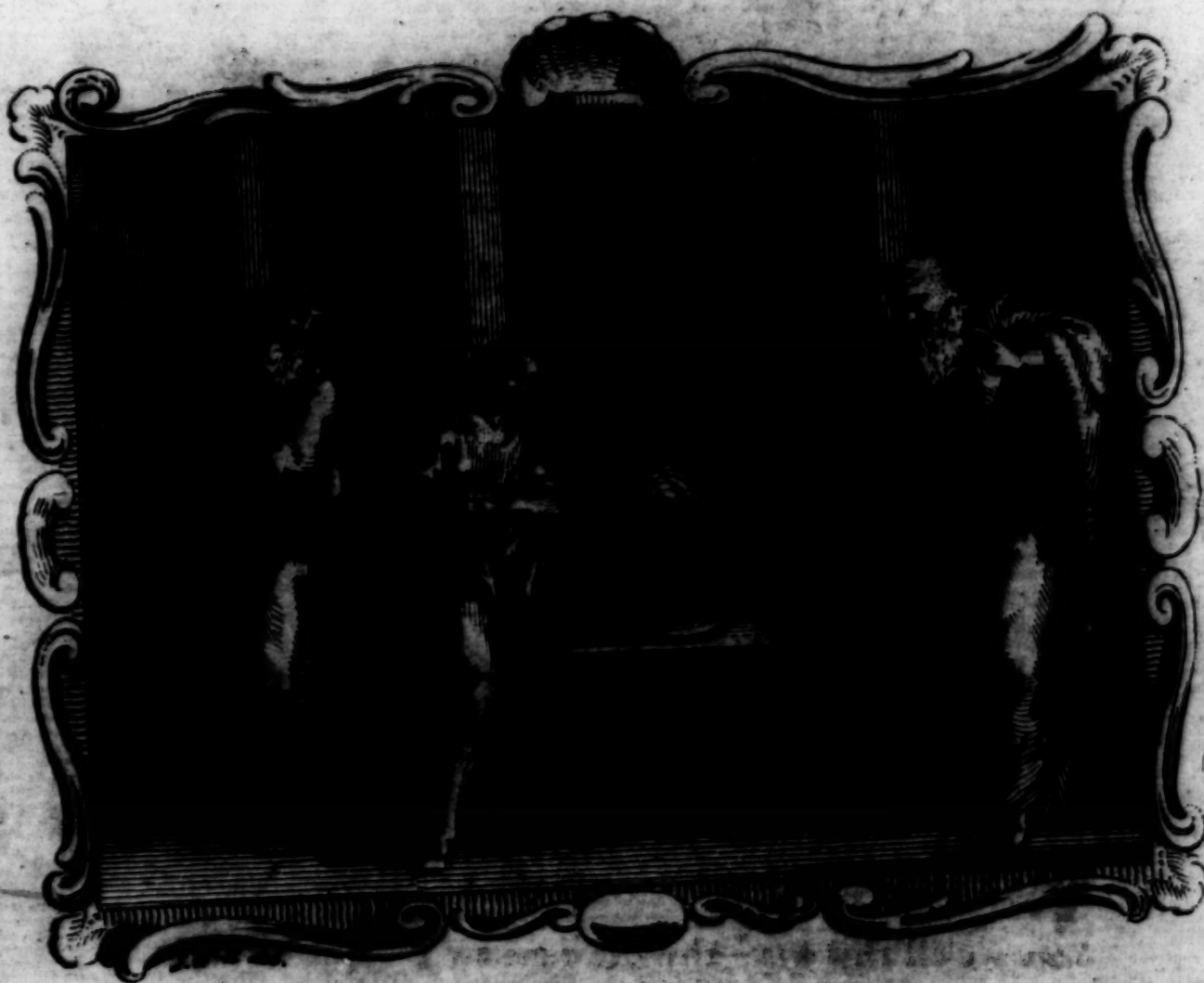
“ Whilst life remains, each fleeting day,

“ Some human frailty mend !

“ With conscience clear, then chearful wait

“ The time allotted me by Fate ;

“ Still mindful of my end !”



Tu nihil ! inane est.



Ma Bell X

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